

# THE ECLECTIC.

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## I.

### VICTOR HUGO: 'LES MISERABLES.'\*

THIS is certainly a book. It is not often we give so much prominence to any work of fiction, but there is much in this which claims very special notice. It is a book; we may even call it not only a big book, it is a great book; it cannot be called a good book. There are, in the very best sense, good things in it. It is a work of remarkable genius; it is the chief production of its distinguished author, and he evidences in it a great moral advance upon all his previous works; but there are many things which a really Christian mind can only regard as defilements. It is an epic of society, and the author designs his chief characters to be the eponyms of the chief institutions and characters of the age. But all the morbid passion of the author's nature hurls and hurtles through the pages of the book, even with more vehemence, we believe, than through any of his previous works. It is rather a brilliant than a beautiful book; it is probably the accumulated thought and observation of many years—the reflection of a life. Much in it is beautiful and admirable, but its passions are too vehement to be, in the highest sense, strong, and its life is too morbid, bilious, and unhealthy to be true. Referring to the English edition and translation, while we have no hesitation in according to it the merit of faithfulness, we could wish it had been more faithful, and less. Some slighter things, which defile the book, might have been omitted, or have received a rendering more in unison with our English ideas; for great as is the advance of the work upon most of the contemporaneous literature of French fiction, it would bear much pruning; and there are many passages and scenes we would not willingly see before the eyes of the family.

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\* *Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo. Authorized English Translation. Copyright. In Three Volumes. Hurst & Blackett.

While, on the contrary, the episode on prayer and on monastic institutions is representative of the mind of the author, and where so many less noticeable episodes are retained, certainly these should have been. Sometimes, too, we notice passages of extraordinary force and power, which might have received a more forcible rendering. We have, however, been glad to avail ourselves of this edition. We should have been still more pleased had it been thoroughly faithful. We can, however, well believe, as the translator says, that it is no child's play to translate a work like *Les Misérables*, which is studded with antitheses and epigrams, and our thanks are hereby heartily given accordingly for the result of the task.

M. Victor Hugo has been a prolific author, compared with many of his contemporaries, yet he is incomparably the first modern French poet. No one approaches him in power, beauty, or splendour of diction. It is easy to find innumerable pages which would seem to condemn this verdict, but we believe the criticism is just. From the book before us pages of nonsense could be quoted, and yet he is not only brilliant, he is thoughtful. He is now sixty years of age. He was born at Besançon, in 1802, and his life has been a remarkably chequered one—a romance, which he has shadowed out in the character Marius in *Les Misérables*. Finally, we must remember, on all opinions pronounced upon him, that he is essentially a romancist, in opposition to the classicist school; a follower not of Boileau, but of Rabelais.

M. Hugo has produced a great book, but he is not a book-maker; the book looks like the result of years. For this reason, too, perhaps it seems to lack form. The method the writer pursues is not that of a nice, neat, and graceful order; it is massive, shapeless, and amorphous. There are portions which seem to have the stamp of individual unity, and even almost—which we should think in any case a rare thing with the author—repose. Thus, the first chapters of the work, the portrait of the good bishop, M. Myriel: although their connection with the story is slight, or would seem to be so, we could not wish that most delightful portrait away. Stores of thought and observation are lavished on this portrait. We may say at once that it satisfies as a portrait, it does not satisfy as a character. The good bishop, like many other acquaintances of ours, had a religion very beautiful to look at, and far better than his theology. M. Hugo is a great believer in the mythical in character; he is great in apotheosis; his exaggerations are sublime; but still he often exaggerates. Nay, the great demerit of this book is its impossibility. It claims this notice from us, not because it is a

singularly powerful fiction, but because it professes to be the result of the author's thoughts and researches upon society and the age. It is the history of the unhappy ; it professes to deal with the causes of social unhappiness. The author says the book is written 'to clear up and to combat prejudices in France, England, and the whole world.' In this he is unsuccessful ; that is, so far as clearing up. He says,—

'The book which the reader has before him at this moment is, from one end to the other, in its entirety and its details, whatever the intermittences, exceptions, and short-comings may be, the progress from evil to good, from injustice to justice, from falsehood to truth, from night to day, from appetite to conscience, from corruption to life, from bestiality to duty, from hell to heaven, and from nothingness to God. The starting point is matter, the terminus the soul; the hydra at the commencement, the angel at the end.'

This is the author's noble estimate of the path of Providence, the path of the light shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day ; and it must be admitted, that, noble as the design is, he does, in a very eminent degree, fulfil his design. Bad however as society is, and frightful as is its injustice, and frightful as are the injustices and inequalities of law even in our own country, it is certain that they are overstated. Law against the individual is the text from which we have this eloquent sermon. We said that the characters of the book are, the chief of them, certainly not merely epical, they are eponymical ; they are vast and dilated forms intended to embody and shadow forth the characteristics of a whole class. We are not, therefore, perhaps, to take exception to the dramatic impossibility, the want of the true human proportionateness. There are many unhappy ones who move more or less prominently through the book ; indeed, true to its title, it trails the garment of misery over almost every page ; but the chief of the unhappy ones is Jean Valjean, a convict whom society had sinned against. He stole a loaf of bread, and suffered for this crime, and for repeated attempts to escape, nineteen years' imprisonment in the galleys. In his sympathetic determination to show the noble wealth of character which society and law crushes beneath its feet in its scorn, M. Hugo has given, in the portrait of this man, a being more than a saint ; more than saintly ; a saint with the strength of an archangel. He leaves the prison a mere ruffian, however innocent when he entered ; he is capable of any deed of darkness ; and he is converted through the saintly benevolence of the bishop ; but novelists weave the texture of circumstances after the determination of their own minds, and in the obstacles



which retard the return of the convict to society there is a complicity of circumstances such as never could meet. M. Hugo has ever, in all his writings, somewhat offended the finer tastes and sensibilities, by the introduction of characters who attach themselves to the reader as much by the revolt they create in his moral nature, as by the evolution of some extraordinary development of character. Jean Valjean creates few such impressions. From the moment of his conversion, through every scene of the book, he is sublime. M. Hugo looks into the deepest dens of social life. He listens to the *De Profundis* which cries from thence; he sees the helpless, hopeless abjectness of utter poverty; he sees how it is cut off from protection, and from light and education; he sees the deep-settled gloom of ignorance which covers with its gross darkness the multitudes; he sees how slight the chances of such poverty and ignorance are against the despotism of wealth and capital and mere arbitrary law; he sees how near such darkness is to the jail; he sees how the souls of multitudes are altogether insensible to the voice and the alarms of conscience; but even when the voice has been heard, he sees how impossible it is even—strength, conscience, and intelligence in close copartnership in the character—to emancipate from the evil conditions which society imposes on its victims. We believe M. Hugo has over-coloured his picture, and overstated his case; but he believes that in the heart of the criminal lurk the capacities for great deeds of good: they need not so much fostering as really awakening; but even awakened, the man on whom society has, however unjustly, set its brand, society never forgives. He has received all these impressions, and Valjean, drawn with all the boldness and Titanic strength of which M. Hugo is capable, is the epical presentation of all these observations and thoughts. Perhaps in the development of this extraordinary character the reader will not find much to object. The story of the ride to the court of Arras, in which Jean Valjean, who has risen to be maire of his town, suddenly appears to surrender himself to justice, to save from false imprisonment another arrested from some resemblance to him; this is narrated with extraordinary and most graphic vigour. It truly realizes the striking designation of the chapter, 'A Tempest under a Skull,' in all the successive adventures of the story, through hair-breadth and quite impossible escapes: the martyr convict, learning fortitude and resignation before the King of martyrs, while he commands the homage of the reader; as one of the most effective delineations of fiction, amidst heroisms, and self-denials, and munificences of benevolence, and fastidiousnesses of conscience, which do not always awaken our sensibility, is M. Hugo's



eponym of the possibilities of crime and ignorance alike in degradation and restoration, in despair and in hope.

M. Hugo has seen another thing, right or wrong, in his impressions of it. He sees Law, a thing of mere duty, without sympathy, without conscience; the dark angel, without a wing to protect, and only a sword to strike, hard, cruel, rather oppressive than regulative; cunning man-hunter, a disciplined beast, a well-behaved bloodhound, set to uphold authorities, and to administer, with no thought of right, indeed, with no thought at all; without the capacity of reverence or admiration; blind and deaf to everything except 'It is written;' substituting for virtue respectability, and fetters for principles. This is M. Hugo's idea of law in general as administered by magistrates and judges, and he has embodied and eponymised these impressions in the character of the evil genius of the book, Javart the Police Inspector. Our ideas on these matters would differ, we believe, materially from those of M. Hugo: that which to him would be the social rule, we should regard as the social exception. Crime, we believe, to be not certainly so tractable and tameable a beast as our author regards it. Education is not the best, the oldest, or the latest gospel. We have little doubt that law is in many sections of its operation entirely upon a wrong track; but we should like, in such a work as this, to feel altogether another pulse beating in the book. Evil is not, we venture to believe, an undeveloped quality of good; it is not, indeed, the earth or soil on which it is necessary good should grow. The work professes to be Christian in its theory, but we trace in it little, if anything, beyond the crudities of Deism. We must believe, therefore, that the author has not touched the real spring of moral delinquency—has failed to comprehend either the fact of crime and its cause, or the nature of law. We do not, therefore, at all think of this book that it is, what evidently the author would regard it as being, a philosophy of society; but it is a brilliant photograph, a stereoscopic view of society in Paris. Humour is not our author's *forte*, nor even satire. His adventures in this way seldom rise beyond a grave and haughty irony of expression. Yet in the portrait of Gavroche, one of the *gamins* of Paris, he has evidenced humour, the almost solitary illustration of his power in this direction. With a bold, and strong, and most graphic pencil, he sketches Paris—old Paris; and in his exile he turns with fond and affectionate regret to the regions which he knows have all vanished beneath that spell of transformation to which we called the attention of our readers a short time since. We have again another series of those dark pictures which fascinated the

eye in Notre Dame. Victor Hugo is the poet of Paris : he piles upon the city of his affections every term of exaggeration ; he dwells upon the beauties, and even the deformities of the city, for they are not deformities to him, with a lover's passion and a lover's eye. Paris is the Mecca of his idolatry ; it is his Israel, his Athens, his Jerusalem, his Florence, his Rome. Every aspect of its history is venerable to him : its revolutions and the stories of its barricades stir him with immense thoughts and emotions. We read all this, and enjoy it, and pardon it. To us it all seems most ludicrous. The terms in which the old city are lauded would be terms of exaggeration to adopt for the whole planet of which Paris forms a part. It is clear that to M. Hugo, as to most of his countrymen, the earth was created that France might be manifested, and France was manifested that Paris might be glorified.

Several of the more subsidiary portraits are given with all the poet's extraordinary vigour : M. Gillenormand, the royalist of the old school, and with at least equal power, yet with a very different kind of power, the ex-conventionalist and supposed regicide hermit and outcast. Many of these distinct studies are hung up throughout the volumes. Some not so admirable, and some, however true they may be to life and to M. Hugo's knowledge and experience, very disgusting. Some appear and vanish, and we see them no more. They influence the destinies of the creatures they have touched, and cursed, and forsaken. Thus of M. Tholomyés, whose sins and dissipation move the springs of the book. We only see him for a few pages, and then, 'We shall have no further occasion to speak of M. Felix Tholomyés. We will merely say that twenty years later, in the reign of Louis Phillippe, he was a stout country lawyer, influential and rich, a sensible elector, and a very strict juror, but always a man of pleasure.' *That* twenty years later is the critical point in the story. Meantime, M. Felix Tholomyés has laid a substantial foundation for a broken heart, and misery and ruin, in the life of Fantine, the beautiful mother of Corsette, and having done this, he vanishes in this graceful way from the reader's vision. It may be feared that all this is sufficiently life-like.

Certainly the book is well named *The Unhappy*. We have already said the reader moves constantly in the shadow of the night. The night is the theory M. Hugo forms of life. He is not the first, by many long ages, who proclaims the disconsolateness of the human soul. Such thoughts, so profoundly felt and expressed, command our veneration at all times. However held, they are far holier and far higher than the slipshod sensations of the epicurean or the indifferent.

'Let us take compassion on the chastised, for, alas! what are we ourselves? who am I, who am speaking to you? who are you, who are listening to me? whence do we come? and is it quite sure that we did nothing before we were born? *The earth is not without a resemblance to a gaol, and who knows whether man is not the ticket-of-leave of Divine justice?* If we look at life closely we find it so made, that there is punishment everywhere to be seen. Are you what is called a happy man? well, you are sad every day, and each of them has its great grief or small anxiety. Yesterday, you trembled for a health which is dear to you, to-day you are frightened about your own, to-morrow it will be a momentary anxiety, and the day after the diatribe of a calumniator, and the day after that again the misfortune of some friend; then the weather, then something broken or lost, or a pleasure for which your conscience and your backbone reproach you; or, another time, the progress of public affairs, and we do not take into account heart-pangs. And so it goes on; one cloud is dissipated, another forms, and there is hardly one day in one hundred of real joy and bright sunshine. And you are one of that small number who are happy: as for other men, the stagnation of night is around them. Reflecting minds rarely use the expressions the happy and the unhappy, for in this world, which is evidently the vestibule of another, there are no happy beings. The true human division is into the luminous and the dark. To diminish the number of the dark, and augment that of the luminous, is the object, and that is why we cry, "Instruction and learning!" Learning to read is lighting the fire, and every syllable spelt is a spark. When we say light, however, we do not necessarily mean light; for men suffer in light, and excess of light burns. Flame is the enemy of the wings, and to burn without ceasing to fly is the prodigy of genius. When you know and when you love you will still suffer, for the day is born in tears, and the luminous weep, be it only for the sake of those in darkness.'

But our readers will not only ask, Is this all of life? they will declare that this is not all; and especially they will be at issue with our author as to his receipt for happiness. Alas! it is very true, learning is still only the light by which man more distinctly reads the intelligence of his own unhappiness. It is the repetition of the old truth, To be absolutely happy is impossible while man is the creature of conditions; and it is true that even Christianity gives the patience in which the believer possesses his soul. The incomplete and the imperfect must ever be subject to the gusts of unhappiness, and even of misery. But the Christian believer, he has the consciousness which is rest. Experience worketh hope. He sets his foot upon Divine certainties, and he says, I stand here, and I am happy. There are not wanting passages of great beauty, in which this also seems to be the teaching of M. Hugo. But will our readers go with him in his teaching? Seriously he seems to preach that all life, that our life, is



expiation. The great, and fruitful, and dangerous doctrine of Romanism is very plainly exhibited in the following otherwise most beautiful passage, describing Jean Valjean's refuge in the convent of Little Picpus. The extract is lengthy. It will illustrate the frequent beauty of our author's style.

THE CONVENT AND THE PRISON.

'God has His inscrutable designs, and the convent contributed, like Cosette, to maintain and complete the Bishop's work in Jean Valjean. It is certain that one of the sides of virtue leads to pride, and there is a bridge built there by the demon. Jean Valjean was perhaps unconsciously very near this bridge when Providence threw him into the convent of the Little Picpus. So long as he had only compared himself with the Bishop, he had found himself unworthy, and had been humble, but for some time past he had been beginning to compare himself with men, and pride was growing up. Who knows whether he might not have ended by gently returning to hatred?

The convent checked him on this slope; it was the second place of captivity which he had seen. In his youth, in what had been to him the commencement of life, and again very recently, he had seen another, a frightful spot, a terrible spot, whose severities had ever appeared to him to be the iniquity of justice and the crime of the law. At the present day after the hulks he saw the convent, and reflecting that he had been a member of the galleys and was now, so to speak, a spectator of the convent, he anxiously confronted them in his thoughts.

'At times he leant on his spade, and fell into a profound reverie. He recalled his old comrades; how wretched they were! They rose at dawn and worked till night; they were scarce granted time to sleep; they lay down on camp beds and were only allowed mattresses two inches thick; their rooms were only warmed in the severest months of the year; they were dressed in hideous red jackets; they were allowed, as an indulgence, canvas trowsers in the great heat, and a woollen bandage on their back in the severe cold; they only ate meat and drank wine when they worked on fatigue parties; they lived without names, solely designated by numbers, lowering their eyes, lowering their voice, with shorn hair, under the stick, and in disgrace.

'Then his thoughts turned to the beings whom he had before him. These beings also lived with cropped hair, downcast eyes, and a low voice, not in disgrace, but amid the mockery of the world, and if their backs were not bruised by a stick, their shoulders were lacerated by the discipline. Their names had vanished too among human beings, and they only existed under severe appellations. They never ate meat nor drank wine; they often remained without food till night; they were dressed, not in a red jacket, but in a black woollen pall, heavy in summer and light in winter, and were unable to reduce it or add to it at all, and they wore for six months in the year serge chemises, which caused them a fever. They slept not in rooms warmed merely

in the severe cold, but in cells in which fires were never kindled; they slept not on mattresses two inches thick, but on straw; lastly, they were not even allowed to sleep; every night, after a day of labour, they were compelled to get up, dress themselves, and go and pray in a freezing dark chapel, with their knees upon the stones. On certain days, moreover, each of these beings was obliged, in turn, to remain for twelve hours prostrate on the ground, with her arms extended like a cross.

‘The former were men; the latter were women. What had the men done? they had robbed, violated, plundered, killed, assassinated. They were bandits, forgers, poisoners, incendiaries, murderers, and parricides. What had these women done? nothing. On one side, brigandage and fraud, cozening, violence, lubricity, homicide, every sort of sacrilege, every variety of crime: on the other, only one thing,—innocence, perfect innocence, which was still attached to the earth by virtue, and already attached to heaven by holiness. One side, confessions of crimes made in a whisper; on the other, confessions of faults made aloud. And what crimes, and what faults! On one side miasmas, on the other an ineffable perfume; on one side a moral pestilence, closely guarded, held down by cannon and slowly devouring its plague-sufferers; on the other, a chaste kindling of all the souls on the same hearth. There darkness, here shadow, but a shadow full of light, and light full of radiance.

‘They were two places of slavery, but in the former there was a possible deliverance, a constantly visible legal limit, and besides, escape—in the second perpetuity, the only hope being that gleam of liberty which men call death, upon the extreme horizon. In the former people were only held by chains, in the latter by faith. What emerged from the former? an immense curse, gnashing of teeth, hatred, desperate wickedness, a cry of rage against human society, and sarcasms hurled at heaven. What issued from the latter? blessings, love. And in these two places, which were so similar, and yet so varying, these two so different species of beings accomplished the same work of expiation.

‘Jean Valjean perfectly understood the expiation of the former, as personal, but he did not understand the expiation of the others, of these creatures who were without reproach or stain, and he asked himself with trembling: expiation for what? A voice answered in his conscience; the most divine proof of human generosity, Expiation for others.

‘Here we lay aside any and every personal theory; we are only the narrator, we are standing in Jean Valjean’s place, and transferring his impressions. He had before his eyes the sublime summit of abnegation, the highest pinnacle of possible virtue, that innocence which forgives men their faults, and expiates them in their place; servitude endured, torture accepted, punishment demanded by souls which have not sinned, that they may absolve souls which have erred; the love of humanity swallowed up in the love of God, but remaining distinct and suppliant in it; gentle, feeble beings who have the

wretchedness of those who are punished and the smile of those who are rewarded.

'And he remembered that he had dared to complain. He often rose in the middle of the night to listen to the grateful song of these innocent creatures, weighed down by severity, and his blood ran cold when he thought that men who were justly chastised only raised their voices to Heaven to blaspheme, and that he, wretch as he was, had threatened God. It was a striking thing, which made him reflect deeply, and imagine it a warning of Providence, that all the things he had done to escape from the other place of expiation, such as climbing walls, difficulties, dangerous adventures, and risks of death, he had gone through again, in entering the present place. Was it a symbol of his destiny?

'This house was a prison too, and bore a mournful likeness to the other abode from which he had fled, and yet he had never had such an idea here. He saw again the bars, bolts, and iron bars, to guard whom? angels. The lofty walls which he had seen around tigers he saw again around lambs.

'It was a place of expiation, and not of punishment, and yet it was even more austere, gloomy, and pitiless than the other. These virgins were more harshly bowed than the galley slaves: a rough, cold wind, the wind which had chilled his youth, blew through the barred and pad-lock cage of the vultures; but a sharper and more painful wind passed through the cotes of these doves.

'Why was this?

'When he thought of these things, all within him bowed down before this mystery of sublimity. In these meditations pride vanished: he felt himself insignificant, and wept many times: all that had entered his life during the past six months, led him back to the Bishop's holy injunctions,—Cosette by love, the convent by humility.

'At times in those hours of the night when the garden was deserted, he might have been seen kneeling in front of that window through which he had gazed on the night of his arrival, turned towards the spot where he knew that the sister who was making reparation was prostrated in prayer. He prayed thus kneeling before this sister—it seemed as if he dared not kneel directly to God.

'All that surrounded him, this peaceful garden, these fragrant flowers, these children uttering merry cries, these grave and simple women, these silent cloisters, slowly penetrated him, and gradually his soul was composed of silence like this cloister, of perfume like these flowers, of peace like this garden, of simplicity like these women, and of joy like these children. And then he thought how two houses of God had in turn received him at the two critical moments of his life, the first when all doors were closed and human society repulsed him, the second at the moment when human society was beginning to hunt him down again, and the hulks were yawning for him; and that had it not been for the former, he would have fallen back into crime, and but for the latter, into punishment. All his heart melted into gratitude, and he loved more and more.



Very beautiful, but utterly false, we believe, and dangerous. And again we are at issue with M. Hugo, when he says,—

‘Destroy the cave, Ignorance, and you destroy the mole, Crime. Let us condense in a few words a portion of what we have just written. The social evil is darkness; humanity is identity, for all men are of the same clay, and in this nether world, at least, there is no difference in predestination; we are the same shadow before, the same flesh during, and the same ashes afterwards: but ignorance, mixed with the human paste, blackens it, and this incurable blackness enters man and becomes Evil there.’

Ignorance and crime are both evil fruits themselves of that which is lower; and this, in the course of the reading of these volumes, it will be necessary to remember, because there is so much that looks truly Christian in the book. It is a noble production of genius, but it is deistical or pantheistical after all. No, knowledge will not accomplish all. Even in these volumes, which point to the cure of the ills of society, how much there is against which purity exclaims aloud, while that Providence which M. Hugo preaches is of a very doubtful character. God is a name so frequently used in the course of the pages, is used so lightly and recklessly, that we often feel that there is the infraction of that great command, ‘Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.’ We hear the rustle and the rush of wings, but it is impersonal power which surrounds the victims; and thus throughout the book, for all these unhappy ones—for convent nuns performing their melancholy expiations; for the outcast of men paying back the persecution and the curse of society in blessings and benefactions; for the lonely, disappointed, suffering hearts, poor, unnamed, and despised; for criminals wedged in the blackness of their dens, only coming forth upon some errands of cunning or cruelty—for all these, while there are words which run warm along the blood, there is only that which chills and shivers the soul.

His religion is the religion of the Socialist, or little more than this; and there is no place, apparently, in it for Divine grace, and for the ordinances and sacraments of religion; while conscience is not kindled or quickened by the Holy Spirit, but by sacrifice. Christ is a great martyr to imitate, not the ever-living, loving Sacrifice for sin. ‘I was praying to the Martyr up there,’ says Jean Valjean, ‘for the martyr down here, he mentally added.’

It may seem strange to apply such tests to a work of fiction, but, indeed, the work is of the highest in invention, and it demands the highest tests.

The work should have been printed in such a manner as to separate the numerous historical episodes, which have no relation

to the story, from the current of the story. The author tells with vigour, and great and rich interest, the tales of revolutions and barricades, the story of Waterloo, and the rise of Louis Philippe. In all these descriptions, the writer assumes that tone of immense and ridiculous exaggeration in which French writers must express themselves, and more especially when they write history; and especially this is the case when Napoleon I. becomes the subject of the writer's grandiloquence; and yet, perhaps the most severe thing ever said of Napoleon is expressed in one of innumerable brilliant epigrams strewn so lavishly through these volumes. He is described as 'Robespierre on horseback,' and the battle of Waterloo is favoured by another: 'On June 18th, 1815, Robespierre on horseback was thrown.'

In fine, the book is wonderful. We may say that, and still be far enough from regarding it as either true or healthful. It is full of wisdom, but as a book it is not wise. Our readers are all well acquainted with the author's painting. John Brown: that marvellous horror, that ghastly blackness, that dim gallows and suspended victim, faintly looming out of the darkness, like the hull of some wrecked ship, seen by night, night, thick night; no city, no form, a gibbet only, and a gibbeted form: the peculiar genius of the man lives in that bold and hideous, but truthful dream. A similar impression is produced on the mind by *Les Misérables*: it is also a picture of the night of the world, and has through the night the figures move like the hideous or beautiful but grievous spectres; in the centre the gibbet of law, and the victim strangled upon it. The artist seems to be one to whom it is impossible to be just. He is generous to one class, but he is unjust to another. He perhaps throws his whole picture and all its characters too much into the shade. We acknowledge the individual truth in most of the portraits: the selfishness of Gillenormand, the criminality of Thenardier, the hardness of Javert, the ingratitude of Corsette, the injustice of the town of M. sur M.; we acknowledge the wretchedness of Fantine, the woe of Valjean; but when we have acknowledged all this, we still feel that the impression produced is unjust: there is something more; and our author has failed to suffuse his picture in that soft light which surrounds all human existences, nay, all existence. He succeeds in imparting to the spirit of the reader the spirit of the book. It is impossible for any reader of sensibility to travel through it without partaking of the profound wretchedness which it labours so successfully to describe.

We will not lay down the volumes without presenting to our readers some illustrative extracts which may also give some insight into the mental wealth of the book.

## THE LIFE OF FAITH.

‘Once, however, he seemed more dreamy than usual, while Madame de Lô was repeating all the details of their successions and “hopes.” She broke off somewhat impatiently, “Good gracious, cousin,” she said, “what are you thinking about?” “I am thinking,” said the Bishop, “of something singular, which, if my memory is right, is in St. Augustine. *Place your hopes in the man to whom it is impossible to succeed.*”’

## CHARITY.

‘He never condemned anything hastily or without taking the circumstances into calculation. He would say, *Let us look at the road by which the fault has passed.*’

## THE COURAGE OF FAITH.

‘It came about that a worthy curé—I forget whether it were he of Couloubroux, or he of Pompierry—thought proper to ask him one day, probably at the instigation of Madame Magloire, whether Monseigneur was quite certain that he was not acting to some extent imprudently by leaving his door open day and night for any who liked to enter, and if he did not fear lest some misfortune might happen in a house so poorly guarded. The Bishop tapped his shoulder with gentle gravity, and said to him, “*Nisi Dominus custodierit domum, in vanum vigilant qui custodiunt eam.*”’

‘Then he spoke of something else. He was fond of saying too, “There is the priest’s bravery as well as that of the Colonel of Dragoons. The only thing is that ours must be quiet.”’

## THE SOLITUDE OF BISHOP MYRIEL.

‘At times, even at an advanced hour of night, if the old maids were not asleep, they heard him slowly pacing the walks. He was then alone with himself, contemplative, peaceful, adoring, comparing the serenity of his heart with that of æther, affected in the darkness by the visible splendour of the constellations, and the invisible splendour of God, and opening his soul to thoughts which fall from the unknown. At such moments, offering up his heart at the hour when the nocturnal flowers offer up their perfumes, he could not have said himself, possibly, what was passing in his mind; but he felt something fly out of him and something descend into him.

‘He dreamed of the grandeur and presence of God; of future eternity, that strange mystery; of past eternity, that even stranger mystery; of all the infinities which buried themselves before his eyes in all directions: and without seeking to comprehend the incomprehensible, he gazed at it. He did not study God; he was dazzled by him. He considered this magnificent concourse of atoms which reveals forces, creates individualities in unity, proportions in space, innumerability in the infinite, and through light produces beauty. Such a concourse incessantly takes place, and is dissolved again, and hence come life and death.



'He would sit down on a wood bench with his back against a rickety trellis, and gaze at the stars through the stunted sickly profiles of his fruit trees. This quarter of an acre, so poorly planted, and so encumbered with sheds and out-houses, was dear to him, and was sufficient for him. What more was wanting to this aged man, who divided the leisure of his life, which knew so little leisure, between gardening by day and contemplation by night? Was not this limited enclosure with the sky for its roof sufficient for him to be able to adore God by turns in his most delicious and most sublime works? Was not this everything, in fact? and what could be desired beyond? A small garden to walk about in, and immensity to dream in; at his feet, what can be cultivated and gathered; over his head, what can be studied and meditated; on the earth a few flowers, and all the stars in the heavens.'

## AN OLD MAID.

'Mlle. Baptistine was a tall, pale, slim, gentle person; she realized the ideal of what the word "respectable" expresses, for it seems necessary for a woman to be a mother in order to be venerable. She had never been pretty, but her whole life, which had been but a succession of pious works, had eventually cast over her a species of whiteness and brightness, and in growing older she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been thinness in her youth had become in her maturity transparency, and through this transparency the angel could be seen. She seemed to be a shadow, there was hardly enough body for a sex to exist; she was a little quantity of matter containing a light—an excuse for a soul to remain upon the earth.'

## A SCEPTIC.

'*He doubted everything in a superior way, which is a great strength in the eyes of the weak.* Hence, being ironical and bald, he was the leader.'

## A SERMON ON A NETTLE.

'One day he saw some countrymen very busy in tearing up nettles; he looked at the pile of up-rooted and already withered plants and said: "They are dead, and yet they are good if you know how to use them. When nettles are young, the tops are an excellent vegetable. When they are old, they have threads and fibre like hemp and flax. When chopped up, nettles are good for fowls; when pounded, excellent for horned cattle. Nettle-seed mixed with the food renders the coats of cattle shining, and the root mixed with salt produces a fine yellow colour. The nettle is also excellent hay, which can be mown twice; and what does it require? A little earth, no care, and no cultivation. The only thing is that the seed falls as it ripens, and is difficult to garner. If a little care were taken, the nettle would be useful; but, being neglected, it becomes injurious, and is then killed. Here men resemble nettles!"

He added after a moment's silence: "My friends, remember this,—there are no bad herbs or bad men; there are only bad cultivators."

## LAWYERS.

'It is always a thing that contracts the heart, to see these assemblies of men dressed in black, conversing in a low voice on the threshold of a court of justice. It is rare for charity and pity to be noticed in their remarks, for they generally express condemnations settled before trial. All such groups appear to the thoughtful observer so many gloomy hives, in which buzzing minds build in community all sorts of dark edifices.'

## WALKING BY FAITH.

'She felt in safety as she was with him. Jean Valjean did not know any more than Cosette whither he was going; he trusted to God, as she trusted to him. *He fancied that he also held some one greater than himself by the hand, and felt an invisible being guiding him.*

## THE PANTHEIST'S CREED.

'There are prodigious relations between beings and things, and in this inexhaustible total, from the flea to the sun, nothing despises the other, for all have need of each other. Light does not bear into the sky terrestrial perfumes without knowing what to do with them, and night distributes the planetary essence to the sleepy flowers. *Every bird that flies has round its foot the thread of infinity; germination is equally displayed in the outburst of a meteor and the peck of the swallow breaking the egg, and it places the birth of a worm and the advent of Socrates in the same parallel; where the telescope ends, the microscope begins, and which of the two has the grandest sight? you can choose. A patch of green mould is a pleiad of flowers, and a nebula is an ant-hill of stars.* There is the same and even a more extraordinary promiscuity of the things of the intellect and the facts of the substance, elements and principles are mingled, combined, wedded together, and multiply each other till they lead both the moral and the material world into the same light. In the vast cosmic exchanges universal life comes and goes in unknown quantities, revolving everything in the invisible mystery of effluvia, employing everything, losing not a single dream of a sleep, sowing an animalcula here, crumbling away a star there, oscillating and winding, making of light a force, and of thought an element, disseminated and invisible, and dissolving everything save that geometrical point, the *Ego*; bringing back everything to the atom soul, expanding everything in God; entangling all activities from the highest to the lowest in the obscurity of a vertiginous mechanism, attaching the flight of an insect to the movement of the earth, and subordinating, perhaps, if only through the identity of the law, the evolution of the comet in the firmament to the rotatory movement of the Infusoria in the drop of water. *It is an enormous machinery*

*of cog-wheels, in which the first mover is the gnat, and the last wheel is the Zodiac.'*

## TWO SISTERS.

'The two sisters wandered each in her own reverie, at the period when they were girls, and both had wings, the one those of an angel, the other those of a goose.'

## THE DEATH OF VALJEAN.

'All at once he rose—such return of strength is at times a sequel of the death-agony. He walked with a firm step to the wall, thrust aside Marius and the doctor, who wished to help him, detached from the wall the small copper crucifix hanging on it, returned to his seat with all the vigour of full health, and said, as he laid the crucifix on the table,—

“There is the great Martyr.”’

'When a being who is dear to us is about to die, we regard him with a glance which grapples him, and would like to retain him. Cosette and Marius stood before him hand in hand, dumb through agony, not knowing what to say to death, despairing and trembling. With each moment Jean Valjean declined and approached nearer to the dark horizon. His breathing had become intermittent, and a slight rattle impeded it. He had a difficulty in moving his fore-arm, his feet had lost all movement, and at the same time, as the helplessness of the limbs and the exhaustion of the body increased, all the majesty of the soul ascended and was displayed on his forehead. The light of the unknown world was already visible in his eyeballs. His face grew livid, and at the same time smiling; life was no longer there, but there was something else. His breath stopped, but his glance expanded; he was a corpse on whom wings could be seen. He made Cosette a sign to approach, and then Marius; it was evidently the last minute of the last hour, and he began speaking to them in so faint a voice that it seemed to come from a distance, and it was as if there were a wall between them and him.

“Cosette,” he said, “the moment has arrived to tell you your mother’s name. It was Fantine. Remember this name—Fantine. Fall on your knees every time that you pronounce it. She suffered terribly. She loved you dearly. She knew as much misery as you have known happiness. Such are the distributions of God. He is above. He sees us all, and he knows all that he does, amid his great stars. I am going away, my children. Love each other dearly and always. There is no other thing in the world but that; love one another. You will sometimes think of the poor old man who died here. Ah, my Cosette, it is not my fault that I did not see you every day, for it broke my heart. I went as far as the corner of the street, and must have produced a funny effect on the people who saw me pass, for I was like a madman, and even went out without my hat. My children, I can no longer see very clearly. I had several things to say to you, but no matter. Think of me a



little. You are blessed beings. I know not what is the matter with me, but I see light. Come hither. I die happy. Let me lay my hands on your beloved heads."

\* Cosette and Marius fell on their knees, heart-broken and choked with sobs, each under one of Jean Valjean's hands. These august hands did not move again. He had fallen back, and the light from the two candles illumined him: his white face looked up to heaven, and he let Cosette and Marius cover his hands with kisses,—for he was dead. The night was starless and intensely dark; doubtless some immense angel was standing in the gloom, with outstretched wings, waiting for the soul.'

But we must quote no more; we have said sufficient, and quoted sufficient, to assure our readers that in these volumes they have a powerful, a brilliant, nay, magnificent and dangerous book. It is like a mountain full of metals and spar, precious stones, blazing like wild, bright eyes in the darkness; also full of dens and caves where the horror is great, and the chance is that you alight upon creatures cruel and unclean, and steep mountain paths, and lone overhanging crags which whose climbs must look out for night and danger, as well as for visions of blood-red sunsets, or sunrisings of doubtful import, previsioning the tempest; a place of thunders, and lightnings, and storms, and winds. Such language may seem hyperbolical, but we will beg the reader to know the book before he says it is.

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## II.

### ST. CLEMENT'S EVE—POETRY AND HISTORY.\*

IF the intentions of a writer, as traceable in his already completed works, be matter of reasonable speculation, the lovers of the historical drama may perhaps do a little hopeful guessing as to whether the distinguished author of 'Philip van Artevelde' may have put forth his last play as the second part of a grand trilogy, to be hereafter completed by the addition of one on a subject which the poets of England and Germany have alike failed to exhaust, and which would be sure of a fresh, and deep, and thoroughly distinctive treatment at his hands—the Maid of Orleans. Such a trilogy, it seems, might well set forth the triumph of French feudality over premature middle and lower

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\* *St. Clement's Eve.* By Henry Taylor.

class risings on the bloody field of Rosebecque, its frightful and suicidal excesses under Charles VI., and the sealing of its speedy downfall by the train of events which cleared France of foreign enemies, and so made a strong French monarchy possible.

And, in view of any such possible, albeit perhaps imaginary, completion of the trilogy, it is no disparagement to Mr. Taylor to pronounce his central play—with many of the excellencies which any work of his must surely exhibit; with the grasp and ease, the chastened humour, the fine proportion, the statuesque repose, which are among the characteristics of his highest creations—yet likely to prove the weakest of the three. It would be so, if for no other reason, for the want of any such leading personality in it as that of Van Artevelde or Joan d'Arc; for—setting aside what may be to come, and referring only to what we have before us—there is no character in 'St. Clement's Eve' drawn with anything like the power and depth with which that of Philip is drawn, or attaching to itself anything like the interest with which his career from first to last is clothed; nor is it possible, from the nature of the subject and the whole condition of things amid which the action of the piece is made to lie, that there should be. The action is divided in too nearly equal degrees among too many persons, and the characters are too simple, to give scope for any such conception as that of the revolutionary chief of Ghent. We get to our sympathies and our antipathies, with whatever qualifications of either, at once. There is little play or fluctuation, little that is doubtful or indefinite, little to produce the blending and crossing of feelings which attends all effort to fathom a really profound, Hamlet-like character. Orleans is, after all, a slight and transparent nature, though one that gives room for a masterly picture of the reviving influence of a pure love on a fine spirit run to seed in frivolity. The stream of Iolande's life runs clear and beautiful, but we see at once to the bottom of it, even after the confluence of spiritual and earthly affections. The other personages, as far as they hold places of importance in the drama, take possession at once of their portion of favourable or unfavourable interest. In short, as the author has meant in this play to give a representation of the period in general rather than of any single agencies or influences working in it, so he has kept the individual characters in due subordination to the whole plot, which moves on rapidly to its end in that disastrous act, which, like the catastrophe of the Agamemnon, with its undertones of vengeance to follow, leaves the reader afloat on the sea of the existing and coming troubles of France.

As the picturing of individual character must always be the chief vehicle of a dramatic poet's strength, and certainly of the

reader's interest, any less prominent or less forcible exhibition of it, however suitable to the general purpose of the play, must be allowed to be an element of weakness rather than of strength. An aptitude for representation on the stage may indeed be more easily obtainable with a less deep and complex exhibition of character ; and in this respect Mr. Taylor's last play may have a success which was not aimed at in the first ; but for the 'fit audience, though few,' for which he chiefly writes, for those who are capable of entering into the poet's mind and travelling with him through the varied world of character, 'St. Clement's Eve' must always be of feeble interest compared with the great poem to which it is by sequence of time and some common features related.

A short abstract of the play may serve to justify these remarks, and to introduce the sketch we shall endeavour to give of the state of society and the events on which it is founded.

The main action begins with a reconciliation between the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Charles VI. of France, and the Duke of Burgundy, his cousin, at the instance of a holy hermit, Robert de Menuot, and in presence of the King, then in the enjoyment of one of his lucid intervals, and presiding at a council convened to examine into the alleged causes of his malady, which is imputed to sorcery, to find, if possible,—

Who and what are they that with devilish art  
Poison the wells and fountain-head of France.

The council breaks up with the departure of Orleans to rescue his favourite, Passac, the King's barber, from death at the stake, as the sorcerer who has practised on the King, to which he is being hurried in a previous scene by a crowd of citizens, under the auspices of two villainous monks, themselves pretenders to a knowledge of magic, and therefore to an infallible power of discovering sorcery in others. Meanwhile, one of the Duke of Burgundy's knights, Montargis, the villain of the play, has formed a plan for carrying off a pupil, Iolande de S. Remy, from the convent of the Celestines, in Paris, after casting off another of the pupils, Flos de Flavy, whose affections he had engaged. The esquire to whom he confides his plan, and who is himself a humble admirer of Flos, and indignant at the wrong done her, betrays it to Orleans, the founder and protector of the Celestines, who rescues Iolande, and gives Montargis a contemptuous dismissal. Montargis, determined on revenge, prompts the afore-said monks, by terror of Orleans' supposed intention to take vengeance on them for their treatment of Passac, and as a means of securing the favour of Burgundy, who, he assures them, is not really reconciled to Orleans, to denounce Orleans to the council



as the sorcerer who practises on the King. They do so ; but their accusation is scorned alike by King and council, and Orleans taxes them with bringing it forward under subornation, and demands the name of the instigator. In their terror they name the Duke of Burgundy. He, really ignorant of his follower's intrigue, indignantly disowns them, and they are gagged by the ready Montargis, and led off to execution. But Montargis' aim has been accomplished ; distrust has been sown between the dukes, on which he may hereafter build up his purposes. This he does astutely, pointing out to Burgundy that Orleans will never believe, whatever satisfaction he may express to the contrary, that the monks have spoken without a powerful backer ; that he will wait his opportunity of revenge ; and that one of the two must ultimately fall. To fix the wavering mind of his chief, he hits on the diabolical plan of borrowing from a painter a picture of the Duchess of Burgundy, hanging it in a cabinet in Orleans' palace, which contains portraits of the beauties he is supposed to have overcome, and introducing Burgundy into the chamber. Burgundy sees the picture, draws the necessary inference, and at once gives Montargis charge to assassinate the duke. Meanwhile a previous scene has shown Orleans in conversation with Iolande after the rescue. Her lofty and holy character has strongly attracted him, while he too, as it seems, has become to her an object of nearer interest than she is herself fully conscious of. This scene traces with great beauty and delicacy the influence of a pure over a fallen but not hardened spirit.

## DUKE OF ORLEANS.—IOLANDE.

*'D. of O.* Once in a midnight march,—'twas when the war  
 With Brittany broke out,—tired with the din  
 And tumult of the host, I left the road,  
 And in the distant cloisters of a wood  
 Dismounted and sat down. The untroubled moon  
 Kept through the silent skies a cloudless course,  
 And kissed and hallowed with her tender light  
 Young leaf and mossy trunk, and on the sward  
 Black shadows slumbered, softly countercharged  
 With silver bars. Majestic and serene,  
 I said, is Nature's night, and what is Man's ?  
 Then from the secret heart of some recess  
 Gushed the sweet nocturns of that serious bird  
 Whose love-note never sleeps. With glad surprise  
 Her music thrilled the bosom of the wood,  
 And like an angel's message entered mine.  
 Why wander back my thoughts to that night march ?  
 Can you divine ? or must I tell you why ?  
 The world without and world within this precinct  
 Are to my heart, the one the hurrying march,  
 With riot, outrage, ribaldry, and noise,  
 Insulting night,—the other, deep repose,

That listens only to a love-taught song,  
And throbs with gentlest joy.

*Iolande.* What march was that?  
Said you, the Breton war? You followed then  
The banner of the Founder of this House,  
His grace of Orleans. He is brave, they say,  
But wild of life, and though abounding oft  
In works of grace and penitence, yet as oft  
Lapsing to sin, and dangerous even to those  
His bounty sheltered.

*Orl.* By his enemies  
All this is said, and more. Are you then one?

*Iol.* Nay, I know nothing, save the gossiping tales  
That flit like bats about these convent walls,  
Where twilight reigns. Gladly would I believe  
Our Founder faultless, if I might; but you,  
Living in courts and camps, must know him well.

*Orl.* He is not faultless.

*Iol.* Are his faults as grave  
As tattling tongues relate?

*Orl.* They're grave enough.

*Iol.* Are you then to be numbered in the file  
Of the Duke's enemies?

*Orl.* Indeed I am.  
No one hath hurt him more.

*Iol.* What is your name?  
The Abbess vows—what I but scanty credit—  
She knows it not. May I not know it? No?

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*Orl.* Soon will you know mine errand and my name;  
My name too soon for me. It is well known  
To calumny. When told it, will you fly,  
And banish me your presence?

*Iol.* Never. No;  
If calumny assail you, much the more  
Be gratitude intent to do you right.  
That you are true and generous and brave  
Not all the falsehood all the world can forge  
Shall sunder from my faith.

*Orl.* Yet is there more.  
I said that calumny had soiled my name,  
Which is a truth. But bitterer truths behind.  
My life deserves not that my name stand clear;  
I claim but to be true; save loyalty,  
Few gifts of grace are mine.

*Iol.* But you are young,  
And you will grow in grace.

*Orl.* It should be so;  
But hardly may I dare to say it will.  
I came upon a holy errand hither;  
Yet something but half holy in my heart  
Detains my tongue from telling it.

*Iol.* Your words  
Are strangely dark. I guess not what they mean,  
And almost fear to ask. I know but little,

Yet know that there are dangers in the world  
 I have but heard of. May I trust in you?  
 Oh that 'twere possible to trust in you  
 With boundless and inalterable faith!  
 Oh that 'twere possible to cast my soul  
 On you as on the pillar of its strength!  
 But you too, you are weak; you say you are;  
 And only God is strong, and in His strength  
 And in none other strength may strength be found,  
 And in His love and in none other love  
 His child may win an unbewildering love,  
 Love without danger, measureless content.  
 Leave her to seek it there.

*Orl.* Oh, Iolande!  
 I love you—yet to say so is a sin;  
 And such a sin as only such a love,  
 And veriest inebriety of heart,  
 Can palliate or excuse. An earthly bond,  
 Earthly, as it was woven of earthly aims,  
 By heedless hands when I was but a child,  
 Yet sacred, as it binds me to a wife,—  
 This earthly-sacred bond forbids my soul  
 To seek the holier and the heavenlier peace  
 It might have found with you.

*Iol.* Go back, go back.  
 I knew not you were married; back to your wife;  
 Leave me, forget me; God will give me strength;  
 There yet is time, for I am innocent still,  
 And I was happy yesterday; go back.  
 Is your wife good?

*Orl.* Yes, she is gentle, pure,  
 Most loving, and much injured.

*Iol.* Oh, go back,  
 And never wrong her more, and never more  
 Say you love me.

*Orl.* And yet in loving you  
 I love my wife not less and virtue more;  
 For virtue linked with what allured me not  
 Took prejudice, as though it held no league  
 With what enamours and subdues the soul,  
 And lost its hold of mine. In loving you  
 Virtue her sovereign rights shall repossess;  
 For even in the instant I beheld your face,  
 All that this glorious earth contains of good,  
 As in a new creation, freshly, strangely,  
 Revealed itself, borne in upon my soul;  
 And since the mandate which created light,  
 And eyes not mortal then beheld God's works  
 Not then defaced, no eye of man hath seen  
 So fair an apparition as appeared  
 This earth to me.

*Iol.* Home to your wife, go home;  
 Your heart betrays itself and truth and me.  
 You know not love, speaking of love for two.  
 I knew not love till now, and love and shame



Have flung themselves upon me both at once.  
 One will be with me to my death I know ;  
 The other not an hour. Oh, brave and true  
 And loyal as you are, from deadly wrong  
 You rescued me, now rescue me from shame ;  
 For shame it is to hear you speak of love,  
 And shame it is to answer you with tears  
 That seem like softness ; but my trust is this,  
 That in myself I trust not, nor in you,  
 Save only as you trust yourself no more,  
 And fly from sin.

*Orl.* More precious to my soul  
 Is your affiance, though on stern conditions,  
 Than ever soft surrender wildly meeting  
 Love's wildest wish ; nor will I longer dare,  
 Uplifted by the rapture of the time,  
 Entrancing me from insight, to forget  
 That what is heavenliest in our mortal moods  
 Is not as fixed and founded as the heavens.  
 Yet do I dread to leave you, leaving thus  
 My name the victim of all vile reports,  
 Which, when you hear it, you will hear.

*Iol.* No ; no.  
 The evil you have spoken of yourself  
 I will believe, and not a breath beside.

*Orl.* I ask no more—no more—oh, nothing more ;  
 Not for one tone of that too tender voice,  
 Not for one touch of that transparent hand ;  
 No, nothing for myself . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor word nor look  
 That speaks of more than pardon. What remains  
 Is but to name mine errand and begone.  
 For one far worthier than myself I crave  
 A boon that in the holiest human pity  
 You may confer.'

Finally, Iolande is prevailed on to allow herself to become the medium of an experiment on the King, by which there are hopes of his deliverance from the evil spirits who trouble him.

'A vial is there in the Bernardins  
 Which holds the tears of Mary Magdalene,  
 Shed as she stood before the tomb of Christ  
 Ere Christ appeared : an angel as they fell  
 Caught them, and later gave them to St. John  
 In Patmos ; to St. Bernard from St. John  
 Successive saints devolved them, and such power  
 Is theirs, that should a virgin whom no sin  
 Nor sinful thought hath violated, dip  
 Her finger in them, calling Christ to aid,  
 And trace upon the brow of one possessed  
 The figure of the cross, the unclean spirit  
 Will instantly depart, and never more  
 To one so fortified can fiend or imp  
 Make good his entrance.'

Iolande, unconscious of ill, consents to do this. The council before giving permission add the condition, unknown to Orleans, and at the suggestion of Burgundy, that any who unsuccessfully tamper with the King's illness shall be punished with death. The experiment is tried and fails; the poor King goes forth from the chapel more mad than ever; and Iolande, in a scene of great power and pathos, imputes the failure to the admixture, of which she is now become fully conscious, of an earthly love with her heavenly aspirations. The conception is the same as in Schiller's Joan, but wrought out with a more chastened delicacy.

## DUKE OF ORLEANS.—IOLANDE.

*Orl.* I knew, sweet Iolande, what thou couldst not,  
The import of that word which Passac brought,—  
“He bade us take away his sword.” Poor soul!  
So long as sense is with him he takes thought  
For all, and ever as the clouds within  
Speak to his spirit of a coming storm,  
Desires to be disarmed. Now other signs  
Denote it, and we blind ourselves in vain.

*Iol.* Oh, and the guilt is mine; 'tis mine, all mine;  
And if indeed the storm should strike, for me  
One mercy should be left, and it is this,—  
That he take back his sword and plunge it here.  
Oh, better far to perish by the sword  
Than, sickening with the sense of sin and shame,  
To die a lingering death, cast out from grace,  
Rejected and forsaken.

*Orl.* Iolande,  
Beloved, never yet have shame nor sin  
Stained thy resplendent soul, nor ever shall.  
One bliss may be forbidden us, my beloved,  
But thou art still a chosen child of heaven,  
For heaven is in thine eyes, and in thy lips,  
And in thy port, and in the very voice  
Which speaks thee outcast and forlorn. Oh, think  
That earthly love hath oft a heavenly mission,  
And comes, as comes the Comforter, to chase  
The spirit of despair which God reproves  
And cherish hope. Oh, glorious, heavenly Hope,  
That from the perishing and dying down  
Of its own outgrowths ever springs afresh,  
And, as it springs, clasped in the arms of Love,  
Is apt to such fruition as repays  
All losses and mishaps. I could have borne,  
I thought I could have borne, to lose thee, love,  
Caught in a blaze of triumph and of joy  
That snatched thee from my sight; but as thou art  
Nor earth nor hell shall part us.

*Iol.* Earth and Hell!  
It is for Heaven to part us. Earth and Hell  
Are closing round and pressing in upon us,  
That neither may escape the other's snare.

My strength hath left me. I am fallen, fallen,  
And know myself no more as I was once,  
A free and fearless ranger of the skies,  
Bathing in sunshine and in rainbow light,  
And dreaming things divine. Earth hath me now;  
My spirit is in chains; and if I dream,  
'Tis of a darkness blacker than earth knows,  
And of a bitterer bondage.

*Orl.* Look not back;  
'Tis that way darkness lies. God's will it was  
That thou shouldst faithfully strive, yet strive in vain,  
To bring the afflicted succour. That is past;  
He doth not doom thee for thy righteous zeal  
To share their prison-house and clank their chains.  
Come forth, then, from the past; come bravely forth  
And bid it get behind thee. We will fly  
To fields where Nature consecrates the joys  
Of liberty and love. With thee to rove  
Through field and pathless forest, or to lie  
By sunlit fountain, or by garrulous brook,  
And pour love's hoarded treasures in thy lap,  
Bright as the fountain, endless as the stream,  
Wild as the forest glades—oh, what were this  
But to foretaste the joys of Paradise,  
And by a sweet obliviousness forget  
That earth hath unblest hours and dim abodes  
Where Pain and Sorrow dwell.

*Iol.* Alas! alas!  
'Twere to forget that there's a God in heaven.  
Prince, I have told thee I am weak through grief;  
Weak through the overthrow of faith and hope;  
Weak through the triumph of malignant powers;  
And weak through what beside I will not say.  
And here I stand before thee, a poor child,  
Unutterably wretched and abased,  
But knowing there is yet a further fall.  
Oh, spare me, save me! make me not a prey;  
For I am wounded almost unto death,  
And cannot fly.

*Orl.* Enough. Oh, Iolande,  
Thy spirit in its weakest hour is strong,  
And rules us both; and where thy spirit rules  
Is sanctity supreme, and Passion's self  
Is in thy presence purified and purged  
From earthly stain, and ministers to grace.  
No word or wish shall henceforth violate  
That holy precinct.'

Iolande unwillingly consents to be led to sanctuary to escape a witch's death; and Orleans, on his way to the council to prevent any proceedings against her, is murdered by Montargis and his men, who have waylaid him in a house hired for the purpose by Burgundy. It is St. Clement's Eve, and the accomplishment



is thus brought about of the ancient prophecy of disaster on that day to the house of Orleans.

'When fourteen hundred years and seven  
Have slid since Jesus came from heaven,  
Fates and Furies join to weave  
A garland for St. Clement's Eve.  
House of Valois, hold thine own!  
A shadow sits upon a throne.  
'Ware what is and is to be,  
There's blood upon the Fleur-de-Lys.'

The body is found by De Vezelai, who is himself seeking Montargis on an errand of vengeance with which he is charged by the deserted Flos. The murderers have been tracked into the hotel of the Duke of Burgundy, who, after some clumsy attempts at denial, avows himself the author of Orleans' death, and retires amid general execration from the council. Montargis, who has got himself appointed by the council to convey Iolande's death-warrant, and who really seeks to save her for his own purposes, finds her kneeling by the body of Orleans, which bleeds afresh at his approach. Iolande denounces him as the assassin, and De Vezelai, who is present with Flos, stabs him. Iolande falls by an arrow from a mob of citizens who are advancing, furious at her supposed witchcraft on the suffering but beloved King. Robert the Hermit calms and dismisses the people with words of sympathy for the dead and sorrowful forebodings for France.

'Now bear we to the chapel reverently  
These poor remains. In *her* a fire is quenched  
That burned too bright, with either ardour fed,  
Divine and human. In the grave with *him*  
I bury hope; for France from this time forth  
Is but a battle-field, where crime with crime,  
Vengeance with vengeance, grapples; till one sword  
Shall smite the neck whence grow the hundred heads,  
And one dread mace, weighted with force and fraud,  
Shall steer this nation to a dismal peace.'

The reign of Charles VI. of France seems to furnish one of the most salient of the analogies so often traced between the history of nations and of the individual. It was the time of a complication of disorders, such as often comes on youth or early manhood, to test, as it were, the vitality of the constitution, and to send the man on his way tried and toughened for his life-work, and with every prospect of an average length of days. The France that could emerge from the utter functional and organic derangement, the fever and the ague, the convulsions and the delirium, the starving and the blood-letting of that disastrous reign, showed herself, as she has since proved, capable of bearing well-

nigh anything that a nation can be called to bear by any calculable contingencies of its existence. A mad king reigning and occasionally trying to govern; the great vassals of the crown fighting for power, and using the people simply as the reservoir from whence to draw men and money; the English, under the fifth Henry and his brothers, in possession of large tracts of the country, including, for a time, the capital; with all the aggravations of these national disasters which came of a general depravity of morals, of the Church disorders culminating into a divided papacy and popes at war with each other, of the application of senseless and frantic remedies to evils felt but not understood—that France could endure these things for so long a time and after so short an interval of rest from the disasters of the wars with Edward III., and then right herself at once to take the commanding position in Europe which even then came to be recognised as natural to her, is perhaps as fine an exhibition of inherent vitality and strength of constitution as it has been permitted to any people of modern Europe to show. Our own wars of the Roses formed no such crucial trial of English stamina, for a foreign enemy at least was wanting to their miseries; while the revolutionary periods of England and France alike stand out of all comparison as containing elements themselves vivifying and invigorating, at whatever cost to the life and well-being of the existing generation those elements must necessarily be evolved.

The King's madness, though but one of many causes of existing evils, seemed to fascinate, as it were, all eyes, and fix all regards on itself. People seem to have set down all the disjointedness of the times to it. They seem to have looked on it till they became mad themselves with the madness each nature found most in affinity with itself—the madness of reckless pleasure and debauchery; the madness of cruelty, of superstition; the madness of overtaken suffering; even the madness of doating affection for an object unlovely save for its pitiableness. The malady which, independently of other evils, gave so mournful a character to the reign of Charles VI., did not break out till its twelfth year. But a glance backward will show how long it must have been in preparing, if it had not existed from the first in a less malignant form. The unhappy boy, who in his fourteenth year, after a childhood spent in familiarity with the exploits of Duguesclin, and in building up castles, doubtless, of like heroic fame for himself, with his head full of the romances of the age, already skilled in the mimic war of hawking and hunting, was taken to witness one of the most murderous battles Europe had yet seen, could hardly be the calmer or the

steadier for such a sight. We seem to see him, such as Mr. Taylor introduces him at the close of Philip van Artevelde, mixing together his eagerness for falconry and battle, claiming his right to make the knights on the eve of the fight.

‘Remember, uncle, when the armies meet  
I am to make the knights, four hundred of them;  
The Constable himself will tell you so.  
Four hundred fire-new knights there should be made  
Before the battle joins, and I’m to make them;  
My lord of Clisson, am I not? Thwack, thwack.  
Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack, will go my sword, thwack, thwack.  
You, Lestovel, you Tristram, kneel you down,  
And I will—thwack—I’ll try my hand, thwack, thwack.’

We seem to see him on the morrow of the fight (and this is no imaginary sight) led out to view the bloody field where 26,000 Flemings lay literally suffocated in the dense masses into which they had formed themselves,\* and from whence their breaking bones were heard to crack and rattle. We seem to see him at Courtrai immediately after, when some one speaks to him of the 500 French spurs kept there since the defeat of Philip the Fair, giving orders in his boyish anger for the burning and sack of the town. We see him riding back into Paris from his great victory, as he was taught to think it, of Rosebecque, with his uncles and their men-at-arms, to crush the burghers, who were sympathizing with their Flemish brethren, and had been restive, as ever, under the taxes. What boy’s mind could escape bewilderment, if it escaped overthrow, from such things?

Between this time and his one-and-twentieth year, he was engaged by his uncles in expeditions, or preparations for expeditions, against the English and their allies, at enormous expense, with grand anticipations, but with no results. The preparations for the transference of the war with the English to the enemy’s country read like something fabulous. We are told of the hiring of vessels from Prussia to Castile; of the French noblesse spending all they were worth in their confidence that they would find ten times as much wealth on the other side of the straits; of silvered masts, gilded prows, silken banners; of a wooden town, brought ready-made from the forests of Bretagne, and stowed away in seventy-two vessels, which was to be put together immediately on landing, and would furnish comfortable quarters for the whole army. This was to suit the objects of the Duke of Burgundy, who at that time dreamed of a conquest of England. The young King, who was to re-enact the part of William the Conqueror, was delayed by another of his uncles, the Duke of Berri, who was not anxious that the expedition should

\* Froissart, ii. 124.



take place, till it was too late to attempt it, and all came to nothing. Then a fine army was marched under the nominal command of the King, against the Duke of Gueldres, whom the English had instigated to declare war. After weary and monotonous marches, peace was made, at the intercession, principally, of a fair lady of the country, who professed to be smitten with love for the invincible King of France: '*Casto amore succensa ad eum personaliter accessit*' (*Religieux de S. Denis*). It seems as if all things conspired to keep the royal youth in a state of excitement without satisfying any of the nobler ambitions he might have been conscious of.

At one-and-twenty he emancipated himself with some dexterity from the tutelage of his uncles, and placed the government in the hands of some of his father's councillors, men who sought to carry out the wise and pacific policy of the preceding reign, who made truces on all sides and took off the taxes. But the King had now a craving for excitement, and pleasure took the place of war. For lack of battles he would have fêtes. The conferring of knighthood on the sons of the Duke of Anjou previously to their departure for an attempt on the Neapolitan kingdom their father had so disastrously sought, with the jousts and masked balls which followed, balls in which the restraints of common decency and morality seem to have been shamelessly thrown off (there was a tradition that it was on this occasion that the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, made himself too pleasing to the young wife of the Count of Nevers, afterwards Duke of Burgundy); obsequies of the hero Duguesclin grotesquely interjected into these merry-makings; Queen Isabella's 'first entrance' (she had entered many times before) into Paris for the gratification of the burghers, when the King mingled with the crowd and, as he told the ladies in the evening, got many a thump on the shoulders for going too near the procession; the marriage festivities of the Duke of Orleans with Valentina de Visconti, of Milan; a progress southward to Lyons and thence to Avignon, where, 'being young and giddy, they neither could nor would refrain from dancing, carolling, and amusing themselves with the ladies and damsels of Avignon, though they were in the Pope's palace and among the cardinals, and the Count of Geneva, brother of the Pope, was the master of the revels' (*Froissart*, iv. 5); a final sojourn at Toulouse, where the burning of a heretic (he was no heretic, but a dishonest treasurer of the Duke of Berri, who had professed heresy that he might be transferred to the jurisdiction of the Pope, who he hoped would save his life; but they took him at his word and burnt him) under his windows must have offered variety at least to his palled appetite,

sent the young King back jaded and satiated with pleasure to Paris.

The most powerful man in the kingdom at this time—since the King had got rid of his uncles—and the man whom they most hated, was the Constable Clisson. He was specially hateful to the Duke of Bretagne, having married his daughter to a pretender to the duchy, and making no secret of his desire to send the reigning duke across the water to his friends the English. One Pierre de Craon, who had received some not undeserved affronts from Clisson, entered into a bargain with the Duke of Bretagne to assassinate him. He waylaid the constable with a party of bravoës as he was returning from an entertainment at the Hôtel S. Paul, the King's usual residence in Paris. Wishing, as he killed his enemy, to give him the additional bitterness of knowing by whose hand he died, he called out, 'I am your enemy, Pierre de Craon.' But though badly wounded and insensible, the constable was not dead; and by the time the King came to him (he had heard the news just as he was going to bed, and he hastened to the spot in his shirt and cloak without waiting for his suite), he was sufficiently recovered to name the intending assassin. The King, who was strongly attached to Clisson, promised to avenge him, swearing that never was deed more dearly paid for than that should be. The murderer fled into Bretagne. The King summoned his uncles and their vassals to follow him thither. He burned to punish the duke whom he knew to be the author of the attempt. It was in the course of this journey, when fretting with impatience, barely recovered from a fever, he was leading his uncles to avenge an act with which they secretly sympathized, that his malady broke out in the malignant form under which, except for brief intervals, he suffered for the rest of his life.

It was a sultry day in August. The King was muffled up in a black velvet coat, with a scarlet velvet hood on his head. He was riding alone, his attendants having fallen back, not to incommode him with the dust. An ill-looking fellow, with no clothing but a shabby white frock, rushed from the recesses of the forest and seized the King's bridle, shouting out, 'Stop, noble King; go no farther; thou art betrayed.' He let go the rein, but the man followed, crying out in the same way for half an hour. It was noon when they issued from the forest, on to a sandy plain without the least shelter from the vertical heat of the sun. Every one was suffering from the heat. A page, who carried the king's lance, fell asleep on his horse, and dropped the lance. As it fell, it struck the helmet, which was being carried by another page. Starting at the clash of the steel, and with the words of

the maniac in his mind, the King drew his sword and clapped spurs to his horse, crying out, 'Down with the traitors; they want to betray me.' In this way he dashed at the Duke of Orleans, who escaped, but he had time to kill four men before he was secured. They waited till his strength was spent, and then one of his knights seized him from behind, and he was disarmed and dismounted and laid gently on the ground. His eyes rolled wildly; he knew no one, and did not speak. His uncles and brother stood round him. All were at liberty to come and look at him, even the English ambassadors who happened to be in attendance. It was an unveiled downfall of the Majesty of France.

The unhappy young King—he was but four-and-twenty—recovered from the first attack and from the tortures inflicted by the physicians. Then it seems he sought to lose the memory of past and apprehension of future suffering in still more reckless gaiety. It was at this time that the incident of the satyrs took place. One of the Queen's ladies, a widow, married again, and widow's weddings were looked on as occasions for *mauvaise plaisanterie* of every sort. The King and five knights dressed themselves up as satyrs by putting on false skins of linen smeared with pitch and covered with tow. While the King thus disguised was teasing his young aunt the Duchess of Berri, the Duke of Orleans came in with one of his friends. In their wild thoughtlessness the two young men set fire to the tow to frighten the ladies. The pitch caught, the linen was sewed close to their bodies, and four of the satyrs ran all aflame with piercing shrieks about the hall. The King was saved by keeping close to the Duchess of Berri, who covered him with her robe. The rest died in agonies. It is a relief to find that there was a public opinion even then which revolted against the engagement of the King in such horrible pleasantries: 500 burghers of Paris marched to the Hôtel S. Paul, and insisted on seeing him safe and sound under his royal canopy, where he received them affectionately and thanked them. But a violent return of madness was the natural consequence of this last shock to his nerves, and henceforth the case was hopeless. A woman only could soothe and manage him. It seemed as if the memory of the woman's robe which saved him from the fire abode with him. He always recognised Valentina, Duchess of Orleans. He called her his 'dear sister,' had her to visit him every day; he could not live without her; but the Queen, with the penetrating instinct which so often survives or anticipates the observing faculty, he could not endure the sight of; it was the 'she-wolf of France,' Isabella of Bavaria.



Higher means than woman's influence, the highest the religious sense of the age could search out, were tried: the King devoted himself to St. Denis; he went on pilgrimage; he issued ordonnances, such as seemed likely to avert the Divine displeasure, now, as it seemed, visibly poured forth on the royal head—ordonnances against blasphemy, and for the expulsion of the Jews; ordonnances allowing condemned criminals a confessor; ordonnances *forbidding all sports* except the cross-bow; a striking instance this last of an attempt at correction of morals almost as frantic as the licence which called it forth.

But above all, peace-making was judged to be the fittest offering the stricken sovereign could make: peace in the Church between Rome and Avignon; a healing of the schism for which the Royal House of France was in the first place deeply responsible; peace between England and France, which the state of England under Richard II. made evidently feasible. Peace was indeed the one great need of that war-worn time: it was the burden of the preachers of the Church and the lecturers of the university. 'Let us lift our hearts,' says Gerson, in sight of the hopes of peace in the Church from the promised abdication of both the rival popes, 'O devout Christian people! let us put aside all other care, and give this hour to considering the excellent gift of peace that is at hand. How often, with great longings, for this thirty years, have we sighed and asked for peace! *Veniat Pax!*' Allons, he went on, breaking from a sermon into a hymn,—

'Allons, allons, sans attarder,  
Allons de paix le droit sentier;  
Graces à Dieu, honneur et gloire,  
Quand il nous a donné victoire.'

As between the popes, these hopes were doomed to disappointment: not till the close of the Council of Constance, twenty-five years later, was this peace gained, and then only when the cruel deaths by its sentence of John Huss, and of Jerome of Prague, had set light to another internecine war. Between England and France, however, peace, or rather a truce for twenty-eight years, was concluded, by the marriage of Charles' daughter to Richard II.

But peace in Christendom meant war with the infidel, and the French noblesse thought themselves set free by the truce with England for a crusade against the Turks, who, under Bajazet Ilderim, were threatening Constantinople and Hungary. It is here that we first meet with Jean Sans-peur, Duke of Burgundy (then Duke de Nevers), who was to take so fatal a part in the complication of the evils of the time. At the age

of twenty-two he was, by the interest of his father the Duke of Burgundy, placed in command of one of the finest of all the crusading armies that had ever left France. The disastrous issue of this crusade at the battle of Nicopoli, the slaughter of 3,000 prisoners after the action by Bajazet's command before the eyes of the Duke de Nevers and the other French lords who were selected, as great enough to be held to ransom with him, and his contemptuous dismissal when his ransom (200,000 ducats) had been received, are well known. 'John,' said the haughty conqueror, 'I know that thou art a great lord in thy own country, and the son of a great lord. Thou art young, and hast a long life before thee. It may be that thou art vexed and distressed at what has befallen thee in thy first chivalry, and that thou wouldst willingly, to recover thy honour, assemble forces to come and give me battle. If I suspected this, and if it were my will, I could make thee swear, upon thy faith and upon the law, that thou shouldst never arm thyself against me, nor any of them that are in thy company. But no, I will neither require thee nor them to take this oath; but I wish to tell thee that if, when thou shalt have returned, it may please thee to assemble a power to come against me, thou wilt find me always ready and prepared both for thee and for thy people.'

This disaster, and the consequent apprehension of the advance of the Turks, the change in the relations with England after the rise of the House of Lancaster, the failure of the negotiations with the rival popes, all conspired to blight the hopes of the much-longed-for peace; and what successful issue from the thickening dangers and sufferings of the time could be hoped for, when the King's insanity, with its brief intervals of reason, made all government impossible by throwing it as a bone of contention among the princes of the Royal House? The whole mind of the people, attaching in their simplicity all their sufferings to the one most easily cognisable cause, was bent on the King's recovery by any means. Prayers, processions, offerings, and pilgrimages had failed; conjurations, potions, sorceries, were had recourse to. An astrologer was brought from Languedoc, who professed to have possession of a book called 'Smagorad,' the original of which had been given by God to Adam to comfort him after he had mourned 100 years over the death of Abel, and to give man power over the stars.\* This failing to discover the cause of the King's malady, two hermits were called in, who gave him potions of powdered pearls, accompanied with magical incantations; and when these

\* 'St. Clement's Eve.'

were found fruitless, accused the King's barber and the Duke of Orleans of counterworking their operations by spells.\* They were degraded and put to death, but in the reflection they had cast on Orleans, they had but given utterance to a general suspicion; for even the pure womanly influence of the Duchess Valentina over the unhappy sufferer had been set down to witchcraft by the unreasoning jealousy of the multitude. The attachment of the people to the King was shown by some of these attempts to cure him. Two sorcerers offered the bailiff of Dijon to discover the source of his malady. In the heart of a neighbouring forest they erected a great iron circle on twelve iron columns. Twelve iron chains were attached to the circumference. But it was necessary to find twelve men—priests, nobles, and burghers—who would enter the dread circle and let themselves be bound by those chains. Eleven were easily found, and the bailiff himself made the twelfth, who then devoted themselves at a risk which to them must have appeared unspeakably terrible.

All was in vain: the madness continued and grew worse, though still with more or less lucid intervals, during which the poor King was shown in public, was taken about to the churches and the mysteries, and was always received with affection by the burghers, who, with something like the Mussulman feeling towards idiots, looked on his person as rather more than less sacred now that it was so visibly touched by the finger of God. In his seclusion he was amused, among other things, by playing-cards; and the printed ones said to have been first invented for his use, and to have formed one of the steps to the discovery of the printing-press, have given rise to many reflections, which we need not repeat, on the strangeness of the chance whereby the recreations of a madman should stand anyhow related to the chief vehicle of human enlightenment. In his worst times his state was very pitiable. 'It was great pity of the King's malady, which held him long. And when he ate it was very gluttonously and wolfishly. They could not make him undress, and he was all full of lice, vermin, and filth. He had a little lump of iron which he put secretly close to his skin. Nothing was known of this, and his poor flesh was all rotten, and no one durst approach him to remedy the thing. There was however a physician who said that it was necessary to remedy it, or that he was in danger, and there was no cure to his disorder, as it seemed to him; and he recommended to provide some ten or twelve disguised fellows, who should be blackened, and clad with some protection under-

\* 'St. Clement's Eve.'



neath lest he should wound them. This was done, and the fellows entered his chamber very terrible to see. When he saw them he was greatly astonished, and they laid hold on him at once, one of them carrying a complete suit of new garments, shirt, robe, hose, and boots. They took him, he meanwhile saying many words, stripped him, and put the new garments upon him. It was a great pity to see him, for his body was all eaten with lice and filth. And in this way too they found the said piece of iron. As often as they wished to clean him, they were obliged to do it in the same manner.\* Yet he reigned. He came forth from time to time to discharge the functions of a king, and the princes who held in their hands the powers of the regency, held them subject to a constant interruption, which only made their exercise of them more arbitrarily and determinedly selfish.

In 1404, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, the King's uncle, died and from this time the antagonism between the houses of Orleans and of Burgundy, which became the cause of the English rule in France, and of such infinite suffering to the country, grew rapidly to a head. The princes who had held France in hand during the King's minority, and the earlier years of his illness, were mostly removed, and the scene was left open to the passions, the ambition, and the animosities of two young men, Louis Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, and Jean Sans-peur, Duke of Burgundy, his cousin.

Louis of Orleans, as he stands before us in the descriptions of contemporaries, seems not unlike what his brother might have been had he been spared the terrible ordeal of kingship at twelve years old. Handsome, engaging, gracious, brave; a man of pleasure, following it with a recklessness which shocked even the public opinion of that day—we have seen the fatal end of one of his mad freaks—finding, it seemed, in the audacious flights of his unlawful amours, their chief zest: yet withal, a man to please and fascinate men as well as women; a poet, scholar, theologian, wit; one who could harangue the Pope, when he was one of a deputation to him at Avignon, in good set terms on such a text as this: 'Enlighten, O Lord, those who should guide us, and who are themselves in darkness and the shadow of death;' one who could pay the doctors of the University of Paris, when they came to lecture him, in their own coin, meeting syllogism with syllogism, citation with citation; 'multum astutus et magni intellectus, sed nimis in carnalibus lubricus;'† joining, nevertheless, with this lubricity, as much religion in the form

\* *Juvenal des Ursins*, quoted by Michelet.

† *Register of Parliament of Paris*, quoted by Michelet.

of almsgiving and devotion as often goes to complete so many-sided a character ; having his own cell in the Celestines, where he fasted and watched with the monks in Advent and Lent ; generous and confiding (too much so) in the generosity of others, as was shown by the appointment in his will of the Duke of Burgundy to be guardian to his children : on the whole, a man to be hated, doubtless, by many—for he would wrong and offend many—but also greatly to be loved.

The character of Jean Sans-peur seems, in most points, to furnish a contrast to that of Orleans, and the sort of contrast out of which not admiration but hatred is wont to spring. He had few physical advantages ; he was not tall or comely, not ready of wit or speech ; his defeat at Nicopolis, and captivity and humiliating dismissal by Bajazet, seem to have embittered him without lowering his ambition or pretensions ; retentive of purpose, and that purpose always bearing on the greatening of the House of Burgundy ; a prudent man ; one that shunned unnecessary offence ; one that took care to stand well with the religious world, and with the University of Paris, which then almost held the place and wielded the influence of the papacy in France ; a man who outraged no proprieties, and respected rights, more especially such as other men were being driven, while he was not tempted, to violate ; personally brave, doubtless, after the common bravery of men, though his title Sans-peur—given him after his bloodily-used victory over the men of Liege at Hasbain, another Rosebecque, deciding the conflict of exactly the same principles—spoke but the admiration of the multitude for the man who delivers heavy blows, quick and many ; a man to be loved by none, hated by many, feared, suspected, and watched by all.

If the character of the two were such as to make them likely to be foes, their positions were equally so. Philip le Hardi, the father of Jean Sans-peur, had held France much in his own hands during the minority of Charles VI. Dispossessed for a time, when he came of age, the insanity of the King offered him an opportunity of recovering his power. But the Duke of Orleans, twenty-one years of age when the King's malady broke out, nearest of kin and heir to the throne, under the not unlikely presumption of the sickly offspring of Charles not growing up, could not very long be kept out of all share in the government ; nor was he of a character to submit to see the Royal House of France reduced to a dependency—as seemed likely—on that of Burgundy ; hence the natural consequences in a state where these two great princes were the chief holders of the power and claimants of the right to guide the councils of the regency. During the lifetime of the elder Burgundy, whose age and experience threw Orleans

somewhat into the back-ground, the contest remained on the whole indirect, and one of intrigue, though on one occasion they nearly came to blows with large forces on each side ; but when, in 1804, Jean Sans-peur succeeded to his father's great power and greater aims, the strife between these two young men became more and more undisguised and determinate.

It is impossible to unravel, it is difficult sometimes to trace, this tangled string of intrigue and conflict, in which personal rancour heightened political animosity. Pope and University of Paris, the Queen and the burghers, especially the butchers, a powerful corporation in those days, Henry of Lancaster and the English, all enter into it ; and throughout the whole Orleans seems the unpopular man, the oppressor and raiser of taxes (he had no other resource ; Burgundy had Flanders to recruit his purse), but still pre-eminently the Frenchman, as far as we may use the expression of a time when France as yet was not. Orleans, throughout, was the great maintainer of war with the English, Burgundy of peace ; his Flemish interests gave him different views ; he was rather a foreign than a French prince ; and the failures brought about by his delays, when under the necessity of conducting operations against the English, were further useful to him as forming matter of accusation against his rival. We may imagine the miseries of the country during these years : the Hermit in 'St. Clement's Eve' draws no unreal or exaggerated picture :—

• Nigh forty days I sped from town to town,  
Hamlet to hamlet, and from grange to grange,  
And wheresoe'er I set my foot, behold,  
The foot of war had been before, and there  
Did nothing grow, and in the fruitless fields  
Whence ruffian hands had snatched the beasts of draught,  
Women and children to the plough were yoked ;  
The very sheep had learned the ways of war,  
And soon as from the citadel rang out  
The larum-peal, flocked to the city gates ;  
And tilth was none by day, for none durst forth,  
But wronging the night season which God gave  
To minister sweet forgetfulness and rest  
Was labour and a spur. I journeyed on,  
And near a burning village in a wood  
Were huddled, 'neath a drift of blood-stained snow,  
The houseless villagers ; I journeyed on,  
And as I passed a convent, at the gate  
Were famished peasants, hustling each the other,  
Half-fed by famished nuns ; I journeyed on,  
And 'twixt a hamlet and a church, the road  
Was black with biers, for famine-fever raged ;  
I journeyed on—a trumpet's brazen clang  
Died in the distance ; at my side I heard



A child's weak wail that on its mother's breast  
 Dropped its thin face and died ; then pealed to heaven  
 The mother's funeral cry, " My child is dead  
 For lack of food ; he hungered unto death ;  
 A soldier ate his food, and what was left  
 He trampled in the mire ; my child is dead !  
 Hear me, O God, a soldier's killed my child !  
 See to that soldier's quittance, blood for blood !  
 Visit him, God, with thy Divine revenge !"  
 The woman ceased ; but voices in the air,  
 Yea, and in me a thousand voices cried,  
 " Visit him, God, with thy Divine revenge !"

Thus matters were dragging on, when in November, 1407, Orleans was at his Château of Beauté, near Paris, in ill-health. He there received an unexpected visit from Jean Sans-peur himself, who had been brought by the Duke of Berri, anxious to bring about a reconciliation between his nephews. The cousins embraced, afterwards attended mass, and received the sacrament together, and a banquet was given by the old duke two days after to celebrate so happy an event. Orleans invited his cousin to dine with him on the following Sunday. The reconciliation had taken place on the 20th, the banquet on the 22nd ; but on the 17th Jean Sans-peur had put all in readiness for the assassination of his cousin. He had taken a house near the Hôtel Barbette, where the Queen was then staying, and where Orleans was in the habit of paying her almost daily visits ; he had sent into it armed men, among them a mortal enemy of the duke, who engaged to kill him ; and one of the King's *valets-de-chambre* had undertaken to contrive that Orleans should pass that way unattended. On the day after the reconciliation banquet, Orleans had gone as usual to visit the Queen. The *valet-de-chambre* above mentioned arrived in haste, with word that the King wished to see his brother. The King was at the Hôtel S. Paul, his usual residence, whither Orleans proceeded at once through the streets, with no other escort than two squires mounted on one horse, his page, and some servants with lights. It was about eight in the evening. As he passed the house hired by Burgundy, the assassins rushed out, and the deed was done. The duke was all but cut to pieces, and the mutilated remains lay till the morning.

It does not fall within the limits of a sketch such as the present to follow in detail the dreary string of consequences of this murder, the first of an appalling series among the princes of France. Those who desire to realize the events of past times as no compendiums of bare facts will enable them, will consult some of the greater histories in which the chroniclers of the time are introduced, setting forth the tears and sobs of Jean Sans-peur

(were they real or feigned?) as he bore the pall of the kinsman he had murdered; his terrified confession when, with ghastly looks, he said to the Duke of Berri, 'It was I; the devil tempted me;' the reaction of hate and pride within him, above all of the sense of power, which led him publicly to avow and justify the deed; the hideous defences put forth by his partisans, especially by the monk and doctor of the University of Paris, Jean Petit, who argued that the murder of Orleans was a godly and virtuous act, for that Orleans was the enemy of God, of the King, and of the commonweal, a sorcerer, to whom the she-devil Venus had given a talisman to make himself beloved, with much of the same sort; the letters of remission obtained from the poor mad King, declaring 'that the duke [of Burgundy] has set forth to him how that, for his good and that of the realm, he had caused to be put out of the world his brother, the Duke of Orleans; but he has learned that the King, on the report of some ill-wishers to him, has taken disturbance thereat . . . . we make known that we have withdrawn, and do withdraw, all displeasure that we might have had towards him;' the reconciliation patched up, for as long as it should be convenient, by the Queen and princes, and the sickening ceremony which marked it, when a scaffold was erected in the Cathedral of Chartres, where sat the King, Queen, and princes; then the Duke of Burgundy's advocate came forward, and begged the King, in the duke's name, that he would be pleased 'not to preserve at heart either anger or indignation, because of the deed he has committed and caused to be done on the person of Monseigneur d'Orleans, for the good of the realm and for yours;' then entered the children of Orleans; the King made known to them the pardon he had granted, and begged them to approve of it; Burgundy's advocate spoke—'My lord of Orleans, and my lords his brothers, here is my lord of Burgundy, who entreats you to banish from your hearts all hatred and vengeance, and to be good friends with him;' then the duke himself added, 'My dear cousins, I entreat you to do so;' the young princes wept; the Queen, dauphin, and princes of the blood went up to them, and interceded for the Duke of Burgundy; then the King spoke to them from the throne—'My very dear son, and my very dear nephew, consent to what we have done, and forgive;' then the young Duke of Orleans and his brother repeated, one after the other, a prescribed form of forgiveness. Well might the registrar of the Parliament, who inserted the account of this precious ceremony in the archives, write in the margin, '*Pax, pax, inquit propheta, et non est pax.*'

The dismal period of the Armagnac and Burgundian faction-

fights followed, to be brought to a frightful climax by the murder of Jean Sans-peur on the bridge of Montereau ; a just retribution, as far as he was concerned, but with what disastrous results to France, in sealing the Anglo-Burgundian alliance, and making the English irresistible, is well known.

Varied indeed are the voices which float down to us from this disastrous time ; voices of feudal pride in its unrelenting vindications of *suzeraineté* ; voices of citizens and traders demanding rights they are not yet able to retain ; voices of mad revelry and quaint amusement ; voices wanton and unclean ; the gibbering of a maniac king, or his still more mournful cries, when he is self-conscious enough to bid his attendants take away his sword against the fit he feels coming on, or to melt them to tears with such intreaties as this—'If the man who is causing my sufferings is among you, I conjure him, in the Lord's name, to torment me no more, nor prolong my agony, but to end me at once, and let me die.' Voices, too, there are, prolonged and constant, from a war-worn, burned out, homeless, tortured, starving people ; voices of hideous mockery of their own woes from amid the windings of the dance of Death.

But these are echoes which must be listened for, and are not caught by every ear. One voice there is which spoke then, and speaks now, as clearly now as then ; which is heard more widely than any of them, and takes up more answering voices to itself, for it has entered into the heritage of every generation since that in which it was first uttered, and can never now be silenced. From out the terrible mingled din of that time speak the aspirations of a soul—of many souls—after the only possible rest and consolation, in the *Imitatio Christi*. Whether the illustrious Gerson be the author of it, as so many competent judges have ruled, or the copyist monk of Deventer, whose name it bears, it was about this time that it was given to the world, and it was in the France of this time that it was most lovingly received. If this book speaks one thing more clearly than another, it speaks the determination of the soul, in the failure of all earthly media, to throw itself directly on Him who calls the weary and heavy-laden to give them rest. When the royalty in which Heaven's vicegerency was held to dwell was a wreck, and the Church, with its rival popes and fearful corruptions, ministered rather additional elements of confusion to the storm than anything of repose, Christ himself, his easy yoke and slight burden, alone remained in which the world-sick soul might lose itself and the sense of its woes. Partly, at any rate, under such impulses, we recognise the writings of Tauler and other mystics in Germany a few years before this, to have been composed ; partly, doubt-



less, under such impulses the Friends of God, a leader among whom, Nicholas of Basle, suffered in France at this very time,\* strove to set up a church within the Church, an inner brotherhood founded on living personal communion with God; and partly if not mainly such is doubtless the origin of the *Imitatio Christi*, an origin which hardly seems to have been sufficiently allowed for in Dean Milman's estimate of this wonderful book. For the social relations, a sense of which he so justly desiderates in it, could surely hold no prominent place in the breathings of a soul seeking to escape for its life from the whole social world around it, of which the whole heart seemed to be sick and the whole head faint. Is it only fanciful to connect the aspirations and meditations of this book with the inner life of many at this period, and to recognise something akin to them in the pure and lofty longings which sent forth the Maid of Domremy as a humble but Divinely-chosen instrument for the recovery of a diseased and almost dying community?

\* He must have been burnt subsequently to 1393. See Introduction to Susannah Winkworth's Selection of Tauler's Sermons.

### III.

#### THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN.\*

THOSE of our readers who have perused—as who has not?—the exciting narrative of McClintock, must have been especially held by a breathless interest as the period of the revelation arrived. After those toilsome wanderings over the wild fields of ice, after every trace had been watched with intense anxiety, every piece of wood examined, and even an old metal or brass button becoming a valuable link or clue of evidence, with what kindred excitement we see the brave party of voyagers in each little isolated Esquimaux village, with its lone hut or two, and its inhabitants cut off eternally from the world and from life and vegetation, to live, to die, to all

\* *Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilisation in the Old and New World.* By Daniel Wilson, LL.D. Two Volumes. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

unknown. And when we approach *that cairn*, how we thrill, as if by some strange spirit-intimation and whispering. M'Clintock writes, 'I cannot divest myself of the belief that some *record was left here.*' And when leaving the cairn of Cape Herschell, the mournful records are found in those solitary skeletons bleaching in that land of eternal snow. There those fragments of the pair of worked slippers. Ah ! fair hands which wrought them ; little did the weaver think of the doom of him for whom they were wrought. And the Bible, the little Bible lined and marked with its marginal notes ; and the little volume of Christian melodies, 'From ——— to C. G. Graham Gore.' Cheerful Graham Gore ; there lost amidst those wild wastes of desolation and snow : what a tale of terror and of despair. But it is all a brief inference ; all is lost to us ; few are the signs which reach us. The doom is known indeed, but it is all a sad *unwritten history.*

A poet tells, and beautifully tells, the story of the picture and the old oak chest ; the picture and the skeleton ; the story of the bride entombed in her beauty in the vast trunk—she was lost from her marriage hour—and how the father and the husband died, and how the house became tenantless, then went to strangers ; but through all the changes how *that* large oak chest occupied its place *there*, a curiosity, with its strange carving, and the mystic portrait above it of the fair Ginevra ; and how, when generations had rolled away, the chest was opened, and there the secret was discovered, the skeleton and the ring of gold, all turned to dust. How strange it seems that no whispering ghostly thrill touched the frequent wanderers in the old chamber—nothing to indicate the dread and tender secret haunting the room. But it is even so. The whole world is a great stone chest. What secrets it holds within its unconscious heart ! secrets it will not whisper, secrets it will not give up. What are the marvels known to us compared with those all unknown ! There is unsung music, there is unpenned poetry, and it must be the best. And so that history which has never been penned, how profoundly interesting. Could we read it all, what stories, what tragedies, what comedies too, all to us unknown, all confined in undecipherable mystic scroll—*unwritten history.*

Some years since, in pulling down an old house in Gloucestershire, was found a secret chamber within the walls, a bed, a table, a chair or stool, a Bible. The Bible was open. When last used, unknown. By whom, whether surprised, taken, executed in the days of the second James, was all a problem. Young or old ? It was all *unwritten history.*

On a hill, over our house, but two or three miles from it, was a still more remarkable monument and memorial. It was a tumulus which two or three years ago was opened. With what singular emotions, and yet what natural ones, we entered that strange tomb on the windy hill, a mound that had stood like a rising heap of earth for ages to be rifled at last ; the wide, wild plains stretching behind it, and beneath it the lovely valleys of a civilized land ; but no tale of the men who excavated, or of those who were interred there. This, we said, is no Saxon tomb ; this is no Roman mound, although the Roman city of Woodchester may almost be seen from hence, and a Roman fortification probably rose on this very spot. Here are the memorials of a day when men reared their monuments in unhewn stone, when the arts of iron, if not unknown, were in their infancy. Wonderful tumulus, coeval with the days of David, or Alexander, or Romulus, or perhaps even earlier, but all unknown. A strange and cloudy region of *unwritten history*.

If ever our readers should go to Scarborough in Yorkshire, they will not fail to turn aside into the Museum and note a coffin there—a resinous tree. When it was found it contained a skeleton ; and the visitor may see the skeleton still ; and it ought not to have been taken from the coffin, or should have been restored. In that coffin were found, we believe, an arrow-head, a piece of gold, and what chemists supposed to be some mistletoe. Who was this ? Some Druid warrior, some sacred chieftain, uniting the character of warrior, priest, and bard ? Arrow-head, mistletoe, and gold seemed to say that it was so, and that form, stately in its decay, magnificent even as a skeleton, seemed to affirm this ; but beyond this no trace, no knowledge, no sign ; a fact in archæology, and nothing more. A dim piece of *unwritten history*.

The world is a great churchyard full of tombstones without inscriptions. We thought so the night we walked from Amesbury to Salisbury Plain. It was a bright moonlight autumn evening, twenty years since now. We were little better then than a romantic lad. We are willing that the reader should smile at us. We had been speaking in Amesbury, and nothing would satisfy us but a night alone. We could not endure the idea of companionship at Stonehenge. Perhaps we may be pardoned for the idea that those stones would whisper secrets in our ears by night they were forbidden to utter during the day. We have crossed Salisbury Plain many times since then, but never had exactly the same emotions. A rude pile of colossal stones contemporary with what ? with whom ? one of those giant skeletons of the great Lithic ages, the times



of stones, when Egypt was rearing her pyramids and Etruria her tombs ; a mighty mystery, a myth made palpable. We need not say it was a solemn hour we spent that evening with unwritten history. Around us that wide plain ; the moon silvering over with her light the hoary monarchs of ages, the winds gently panting across the moors, the bark of the dog from the distant farm, the tinkle of the sheep-bell, the shadows of grey-bearded men stepping behind the columns, and all around the surging winds of ages beating remorselessly but in vain. We heard the toll of the church from Amesbury Church-tower ; but mystery was all around us, oblivion had strewn her poppies there. *It was all unwritten history.*

How often we have wished we could, by the wave of an enchanter's wand, bring round the days of old, in all their circumstance and their variety, when we have trod the ruins of Tintagel, or of Kilgerran, or of Carephilly, or Tinterns, or Fountains. How we have felt that the old stone chest retained and refused to give up its secret to our bidding. We could not evoke the day when the rafters rung with the loud wassail or the chapel echoed with the nocturn or the matin hymn. Yet sometimes a dread and awful hint transpires. St. Michael's Mount is a strange freak of nature and of man. There, on the coast of Cornwall it rises, when the tide is out, a lonely island, lifting its head and proudly breaking the clouds with its feudal tower like a strange fabrication of nature, a stone growing out of the stone. Down its perpendicular cliff you look into the sea, beneath the lantern of St. Michael ; and when the wind is up, and the sea mews whistle, and the waves beat, how they howl and rush along those cliffs in savage majesty. You thread your way from corridor to corridor and room to room, and when you come to the chapel they take you to the subterranean vault and tell you the tale they told us there fifteen years since. When some workmen were engaged in breaking open the ground for a new tomb, there stood before the workmen's startled and terrified eye a monk, in his cowl, and rosary, and cross. Ages must have elapsed since he had been walled in there, and only so appeared to be resolved instantly to dust. What secrets are these ? what hints are these ? Look at the map of Cornwall—see those three headlands pierce out to the sea : St. Michael's Mount, and the Logan Rock, and the Land's End. Often, in the times of storm, as we have paced along, we have thought we heard the spirits of the cliffs lifting up their voices and shouting to each other : the Logan Rock with its tale of old Druidic sacrifice ; and St. Michael's Mount with its feudal and monastic legends ; and deep beneath both, in its large and higher antiquity, the

rugged and hoar spirit of pre-Adamic time, from the Land's End ; and each spirit of each rock with a tale of *unwritten history*.

We need scarcely to remind our readers of the little unwritten histories that lurk in out-of-the-way and unexpected places. How much history we have in inference, in etymologies, in the names of places, in institutions, in manners and customs. These are the documents of unwritten history. We might suggest two or three of those topics which belong to this classification. We have the *Illiad* of Homer, and are all familiar with Troy ; but where was the *Troad*, the Troas, where Paul left his cloak ? Unwritten history. We all know Hannibal well, and how he swept down from the Alps on the fair vintages of Italy ; but what route did he take ? this we know not. We have volumes in our library, learnedly discussing the matter ; but it is unwritten history. Even written histories suggest that denomination to us. There is a rare and valuable book, Deane's 'Serpent Worship Traced throughout the World ;' and is not that one of the marvels of unwritten history ? Everywhere the Aureb, the Dracon ; everywhere the Ophiolatria ; in the Auguinum ; the snake-stone of the Druids and the Medusa of the ancients. This the snake is the fair one of the Cymry, and the gliding king of the same people. Tropics or arctics, Muscovites, Lithuanians, Mexicans, Peruvians—everywhere that reptile is dreaded and adored ; alike in Hindoo mythology, where the bright Chrishna is victorious over Caligga ; in the Eddee of the ice, where Thor is victorious over the serpent in the sea ; and in Grecian mythology, where Apollo slays Python, and Hercules the dragon of the Hesperides.

If Bishop Berkeley began to write about tar water, and ended his discourse with dissertations on the Trinity, and the unfoldment of the doctrines of Plato, it is surely not surprising that upon such a theme as this we should find our way into strange regions. The history of the shape of the cross would, we believe, be found to be associated with some most unexpected fields of thought and discovery ; for the cross is the hammer of Thor. That hammer served, as all readers of the old Saxon mythology will recollect, as either hammer, sword, or cross. That form was ever a sacred one—the white cross of Cusco, and the cross on the Mexican sculptures—but *it is unwritten history*.

Many and most interesting are the unsolved problems of history. Where, for instance, are the ten tribes 'scattered abroad' ? where is their location ? We know, boundless and infinite are the varieties of speculation ; but it must be admitted as remarkable, that among the Afghans of India there are tribes

whose nomenclature, and habits, and priestly dress, do all at this day identify them with the old Hebrew people. Their highest range of mountains is called Solomon's Throne; their chief clan is called *Darwoodzie*, the tribe of David; they have *Isaaczie*, the tribe of Isaac; *Mousakzie*, the tribe of Moses; the principal of all their tribes is *Yusefzie*, the tribe of Joseph; and they have Ephraim and Zebulon there. Sir George Rose and Mr. Forster, both advocate this remarkable identity as guiding to the lost tribes, and Mr. Elphinston's efforts to oppose the idea, certainly seem only to confirm it.

Thus nations die, and leave no traces behind them. Shall we not confess to a feeling of sadness when the stone relic abides, and not only the man, not only the race, but when all traces of his deeds, his life, and his thought depart? What an unwritten history meets us in the wilderness of Idumea and the rocks of Edom! If we have not seen, we have read the works and travels of Laborde, and Captains Irby, and Mangles, and Burckhart; and if so, is not Arabia Petrea a monumental miracle to us? And in the depths of the Arabian solitude, beneath the shadow of Mount Hor, where Aaron died, and where he was buried, there is a heap of ruins which have been called a "*vox clamantis in deserto*;" a pile of architectural ruins of great beauty and extent. There, for ages, they lay crumbling, utterly untracked, undiscovered, unknown, haunted by bands of Bedouen robbers, who made their homes in those palaces and tombs. Immediately upon the track of the Israelites, in their long, long route, from the Red Sea to the Promised Land, lies this ancient city; and what is it? What is it but the wilderness of Idumea? What is it but the home of the tribe of Esau—the Edom of the days of old? From that complication of rocky glens, which bears to this day the name of Wady Mousa—the Way of Moses—Moses had sent messengers to the King of Edom, praying him to allow the Israelites to pass through his territory; and the answer was,\* 'Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword. And the children of Israel said unto him, We will go by the high way: and if I and my cattle drink of thy water, then I will pay for it: I will only, without doing any thing else, go through on my feet. And he said, Thou shalt not go through. And Edom came out against him with much people, and with a strong hand.' And Israel turned away from him; and because he said to Israel, 'Thou

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\* Numbers xx. 18—20.



shalt not pass through,' therefore God pronounced the curse, None shall pass through thee.

It is miraculous in that superb enclosure of rocks there lie the myriad tombs of ages, with their wondrous architectural monuments; temples of surpassing elegance, hewn out of the solid rock, all now only stones of emptiness and lines of confusion; the remains of numerous cities, scattered over the desert; once a great thoroughfare, now only an isolated desolation, a mount of robbers.

Before we leave the valleys of Arabia, we will look at a still greater marvel. We shall not be guilty of an Irish bull, if we mention among unwritten histories the mysterious inscriptions of the *Wady Mok Kaleb*; those wondrous picture-letters which line the rocks of those strange and primeval valleys. They have been known and gazed upon by occasional travellers now for many ages. Recently those inscriptions have been engraven; and Mr. Forster, in his three volumes on 'Primeval Language,' reads them to us in a marvellous manner. Those rocks, in those inscriptions, have preserved the story of the wanderings of the tribes of Israel for the thousands of years which have since intervened.

Our readers will perceive that we have alighted upon a subject the value of which to each reader must be more in its suggestions and hints than in details. What has arrested our own mind especially is unity. Few of our words and relations can be alleged as absolutely true of God; but there is one term which we cannot err in ascribing to him—unity. God is conscious unity. He is himself the universe; the One revealed in the many; and thus all are but parts of his ways. It is to reflective minds absorbingly interesting to find, that as we dig into the archæology of nations and mankind, we find a visible unity, and find, too, some absolute unifying element at work in the globe, by which disunion and disarray are being fused down into the consistent parts of one great fabric, so that man and nature become whole. The history of the world is the struggle to unity; and the conflicting forces are warring, and have been warring for ages. But see how they palpitate back to light. And in our own age, man's freedom is becoming, by the exercise of this volition, as certain and fixed as a law. You can calculate the return of a railway train almost as certainly as the return of a planet, the return of a steam-boat as the return of a tide. Science, in the hand of human volition, is subjecting the earth to a beautiful and merciful despotism.

These remarks and illustrations grow very naturally from

glancing over Dr. Wilson's work. Ethnology, especially, is the science of the unwritten history of man: it finds analogies and resemblances in habits and manners, in ways of speech, in monuments, and in memorials. Long before books existed, in regions where books were altogether unknown, everything man leaves behind him is interesting: it is not only a relic, it is a key which sometimes opens the way to tracing the links of the mysterious affinities of race. Dr. Wilson, whose interesting work, 'The Prehistoric Annals of Scotland,' has been long known to us and in our library, a brother of the lamented Dr. George Wilson, has applied to the peoples and the monumental remains of the great American continent the method applied to the prehistoric remains of his native country. He very naturally thinks that upon that continent man may be studied under circumstances which seem to furnish the best guarantee of his independent development. His two elaborate and elegant volumes have all the charm of interest and eloquence to recommend them. In fact, for treatises on science they are just too elegantly expressed. We could wish to see more frequently the thought and the fact in its own setting. We think, too, in this age of books, there might have been a larger measure of condensation: nearly a thousand pages is a great demand. Yet we must say that the classification of topics is very ingenious, and the information, if not very new, is well arranged. The two volumes are a very excellent introduction to the literature of ethnology, the most interesting science of modern times.

The slightest opening of the archæological record of our race introduces the mind to topics of almost infinite interest. The records of geology, by its physical facts, present illustrations of moral ones. The Lithic age presents to us saurians and mammoths in the history of our race; we stumble upon the fossil remains of nations, as in the Pyramids, in the Sphinx, in Stonehenge, in the mounds of Nicaragua; while coins, and medals, and the memorials of the Ceramic art, may be, with a pardonable exercise of fancy, regarded as the Ammonites and the Belemnites of nations.

These interesting volumes are the repertory of curious facts from a wide field of discovery in America. Forests of the most inaccessible gloom are found to be the wild growth of ages round cities whose peoples have passed away, but have left behind them the pillars, and mounds, and memorial-stones of their existence; canoes, and other evidences of the maritime instinct; tools, evidences of the technological instinct, illustrations of the mastery and dominion over metals; especially the

evidences of native civilization in Peru, where the traveller along the ancient route of Peruvian industry still meets on every hand the ruins, not only of temples, palaces, and strongholds, but of terraced declivities, military roads, causeways, aqueducts, and other public works, astonishing by the solidity of their construction and the grandeur of their design. The whole of the continent is covered with monuments of some ancient forms of civilization which have now passed away.

'The ancient empires of Mexico and Peru are indissolubly associated together on the page of history in the melancholy community of suffering and extinction. Yet, while alike exhibiting extensive dominions under the control of a matured system of social polity, and vitalized by many indications of progress in the arts of civilization, they present, in nearly every characteristic detail, elements of contrast rather than of comparison. Between the fifteenth and seventeenth degree south, the colossal mountain range of the Andes rises to a height varying from twenty-four to upwards of twenty-five thousand feet; from whence, as it sweeps northward across the tropical line it gradually subsides into a line of hills as it enters the Isthmus of Panama, while its lofty chain extends nearly unbroken to the Straits of Magellan. Sheltered amid the lofty regions of the plateaus that rise step by step on the steep sides of the Andes, a gentle and industrious population found within the tropics all the effects of varying latitude in relative elevation; while the narrow strip of coast land, rarely exceeding twenty leagues in width, gave them command of the burning regions of the palm and the cocoa-tree, fanned by the breezes of the Pacific Ocean. Such a country, under the gradual development of a progressive civilization, would have seemed fitted only for small, detached, and independent states, or a federation resembling in some degree that of the cantons of the Swiss Alps. But the most remarkable and enduring monuments of the civilization of the Incas are the great military roads, fortresses, post-stations, aqueducts, and other public works; by means of which a coherent unity was maintained throughout dominions broken up by vast mountain ravines, narrow ocean-bounded low-lands, watered under a tropical sun only by a few scanty streams, and pathless sierras elevated into the regions of eternal snow. The Spanish conquerors, with all their boasted superiority, have allowed the great highways of the Incas to fall into ruin; yet, even after the lapse of three centuries, Humboldt recorded as his impression, on surveying one of them in its decay: "The great road of the Incas is one of the most useful, and at the same time one of the most gigantic works ever executed by man."

The Red Man is among the ancients of the earth; how old it is quite impossible to determine. Mr. Schoolcraft has done something towards writing his history. There is a wonderful



unity in the race, while it is yet a remarkable variety. The Red Man will probably soon be as unknown as the mammoth or the ichthyosaurus, his only memorial in a novel or a tumulus. We call him Indian: we might as well call him Chinese or Persian. Once his race numbered sixteen millions; now it does not number two millions. It was a brave, a mighty people; a people, however, with ideas as fixed as those of the Chinese. Hence, when Mr. Catlin painted a buffalo, they told him not to take them away, or there would be none left to hunt. One was terrified lest his picture, living after his death, should haunt his grave and make him shadowless; while another, whose features were profiled, was taunted that half of his face was left out because it was good for nothing, which ended in a quarrel and produced the death of both. Who will tell of the race of the Mandans? There were two thousand when Mr. Catlin visited them, and there was a proverb that no Mandan was ever known to kill a white man. Infected by the small-pox, the whole of the tribe died. We have often thought of the death of Mah lo tah pe (the four bears), who recovered from the disease, and sat in his wagwam, and saw his whole tribe and family die around him, then covered them with rushes, and went to the hill determined to starve himself to death, remained there six days, crept back to the gloom of his wagwam, laid down by the side of his dead, and died after nine days' abstinence from food. The Red Man regards the white as an essential and undoubted liar; probably, we may hope, not only because he has tested the veracity of his white brother and found it wanting, but because almost everything communicated must be opposed to his wall of fixed ideas. But he possesses an instinctive grace and grandeur of soul. What a pretty story is that which Catlin tells of the Pawnee, who rescued the poor girl of some hostile tribe from the stake, to whom some ladies of New York sent the medal with the letter, 'Brother, accept this token of our esteem, always wear it for our sakes, and when you have the power to save a poor woman, think of this and us, and fly to her relief!' and the answer, so thoroughly Red Indian: 'Sisters, this will give me care more than ever I had, and I will listen to white men. I am glad I heard of the good act I have done. I did it in ignorance: now I know what I have done. I did it in ignorance, and did not know I did good, but by giving me this medal I know it!' How great is that instinctive grandeur of soul which does good and yet does not know it! We quite agree with Dr. Wilson that the Red Man is one of our greatest ethnological mysteries. Did he come from Europe? Has he, too, Norse blood in his veins? The suggestion of Dr. Wilson is far from new:

‘It would be a most remarkable and unlooked-for result of the ingenious hypothesis of Rask and Arnot, if it were found to resolve itself into ancient tide-marks of two great waves of population ; the one the broad stream of Indo-European migration, setting forth westward towards the shores of the Atlantic, and the other an overflow from the western hemisphere, also setting westward, but within those higher latitudes of which history has taken no account, and only coming within the range of observation as it breaks and disperses in the shock of collision with the world’s later stock.’ Wanderers by the oceanic route may, therefore, have begun the peopling of South America long before the north-eastern latitudes of Asia received the first nomades into their inhospitable steppes, and opened up a way to the narrow passage of the North Pacific. At any rate, the north-eastern movement of the tide of migration, and its overflow into America, have been too absolutely assumed as the chief or sole means by which the new world could be peopled from an Asiatic centre.

We boast of civilization. The Red Indian neither admits the superiority of the white man nor believes in it. ‘What is this civilization?’ says he: ‘I don’t desire it.’ He regards it as a cumbersome and useless burden. He will not conform to cities, will rather die in his woods. There is much in him that reminds us of that most characteristic letter in the possession of Mr. Layard, and sent by some Turkish *cadi*, in reply to some inquiries touching commerce, and population, and remains of antiquity, in the place where dwelt this worthy head of the law. If the reader has seen them they are worth the reading again.

‘MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND, AND JOY OF MY LIVER!—The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace.

‘Of a truth thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then,

that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

‘Listen, O my soul! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold, this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it.

‘But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

‘Oh, my friend! if thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death: for surely thine hour will come!

‘The meek in spirit (El Fakir),

‘*IMAUM ALI ZADÈ.*’

But it is the fate of the Red Indian, and of all such, to yield before the compact forces of that higher civilization of which he has no knowledge. We have abundant evidence of the possession by these people of the rudimental perceptions of our race; instincts, Dr. Wilson calls them. Well, the term is sufficient as indicating soul. But that which these forests and mounds lay bare is used by our author as an argument to illustrate the large extent to which man has a self-developing power; how he, and he alone, because he is man, is able to cope with metals and fire, can delicately carve wood, and seeks to perpetuate his ideas and communicate them by picture and by speech. One of the most interesting chapters is that on ‘The Technological Instinct and Tools,’ in which the author says:—

‘A peculiarly interesting illustration of the use of shells for such purposes of personal decoration, by the Allophylian of the British Islands, during their primitive stone-period, is furnished by a discovery made in the year 1838, during the progress of improvements in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. An elevated knoll, known by the name of Knock-Maraidhe, or the Hill of the Mariners, was ordered by the superintending officer of the Royal Engineers to be levelled, when it was discovered that it was an artificial sepulchral mound, one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and fifteen feet in height, concealing a cromlech, or megalithic tomb, composed of massive unhewn stones. Within this sepulchral chamber were found two male skeletons, with traces of other bones, including one



supposed to be that of a dog. From the dimensions of the enclosed chamber, it was manifest that the bodies had been interred in the contracted position common in early British sepulture; and immediately under each skull lay a quantity of the common littoral shells, *Nerita littoralis*. These had been rubbed down on the valve, so as to make a second hole, for the purpose of being strung together to form necklaces, and the remains of vegetable fibre were discovered along with them, a portion of which was through the shells. Alongside of these, also, lay a knife or arrow-head of flint, and a double-headed pin, neatly formed of bone, but no traces of metallurgic arts. In the outer verge of the tumulus, four stone-cists were also discovered, each containing a small sepulchral vase, and calcined bones. The sepulchre evidently contained the bodies of one or perhaps two distinguished chiefs, to whom were accorded the most costly funeral honours of primitive times. The surrounding urns with their incinerated remains, and possibly also one of the skeletons in the megalithic chamber, point to the practice of human sacrifice, when the subordinate officer, the wives, and slaves, perished beside the bier of the great warrior, that they might pass with him to the world of spirits, there to renew the same servile offices they had performed on earth. Such examples of primitive sepulture have been repeatedly brought to light, and amply correspond with the barbarian ideas of the most lavish honours to the illustrious dead. Manifestly neither labour nor cost was spared. The huge megalithic chamber of the dead was reared, the ornamental cinerary urns were prepared, the bodies of the attendant victims were consumed on the pile, and their remains deposited with the urns in the surrounding cists, and then the earthen pyramid was laboriously piled over the whole, and the costly structure hidden for ages from the light of day. The occurrence exclusively of weapons, implements, and ornaments of the stone-period in such tombs is one of the strongest arguments that it was an absolute stone-period, without even the first transitional traces of metallurgic arts; and this idea which I was led to form from the investigation of primitive British graves, has been strongly confirmed by the proofs of the lavish expenditure of the most costly treasures of the American Indian in his sepulchral depositories. In the Huron grave-mounds of the Georgian Bay lie the tropical shells of the Gulf of Florida, the carved pipe-head, the stone hatchet, and flint arrow-head, and along with these the copper kettle, the iron knife, and other metallic treasures acquired from the old French traders. So also among the Chinook and Cowlitz Indians on the Columbia and Cowlitz rivers, the honoured dead is deposited in his elaborately decorated canoe, with not only his native bow and arrows, his spear, paddle, and personal ornaments, but with the iron tomahawk, copper kettle, gun, and others of the most prized objects acquired from the Hudson's Bay factors, laid beside him. It may therefore be assumed that it was not because the copper, bronze, or iron weapon or implement was too costly a sacrifice to

deposit in the megalithic tomb, that such so frequently discloses only the stone hammer or celt, the flint lance-head, the shell necklace, etc., but because these alone constituted the implements and personal ornaments of the era.'

Who does not know, and know well, the story of 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp?' that lamp which you had but to rub when, promptly at your call, the palace rose; the golden bars borne by the hosts of obedient slaves. Such is the effect produced upon us by Mrs. Gray's book on Etruria, or Wilkinson's Egyptians. We do indeed change our new lamps for old as we descend into the earth, into a realm of magic, and discover the lamp by which is opened to us the vault of ages.

Thus, how suggestive names are. Dr. Kitto, in one of his delightful papers, his Bible Illustrations, devotes some interesting remarks to the city taken by Israel as recorded in Joshua xv. 15: 'Kirjath-sepher;' that is, the 'Book City.' There is something ineffably affecting in this constant flowing of peoples and nations to oblivion; still we have a right to console ourselves with the great thought that nothing really divine or noble dies. When we behold man conquered by time and circumstance, we often are disposed to recall the great old Saxon myth of Balder—Balder, the bright and the beautiful—and it has seemed to us not only the most bright and beautiful of the myths, but we have regarded it as a prophecy too. He was the god of light, and grace, and manly beauty, splendour and manly excellence. But there was a prophecy that Balder would perish, and that prophecy troubled the gods; and an oath was taken from all created nature that no individual thing would harm him: all things swore except a sprig of mistletoe, too young to take the oath, and therefore excepted. The invulnerable young god offered himself as a mark, and maces, and axes, and spears fell harmlessly on his sacred frame. But Loki, the god of evil, put the sprig of mistletoe into the hands of a blind man, and, with this, the sole thing that could not be foresworn, he slew his brother. Then Odin descended to the abode of Hell to induce her to relinquish her prey; and he was successful. He promised to relinquish Balder if all created things would weep for him; and all wept save one old crone. She said, 'Let Hell keep her dead what have the gods done for me that I should weep for Balder?' It was Loki, the god of Evil, who had assumed the old woman's form. So said the legend. Nanna, his wife, bravely and courageously would not survive her lord; so the throne of Balder was placed in the shadowy abode of hell, and the weeping virgins spread the eternal pall that was to do dreary honour to the god of light in the cold kingdom of dark-

ness and of the invisible. Yet it was known that Balder was to rise again in triumph after the twilight of the gods and the destruction of the ancient world : he was to return in glory and in joy, and to reign in the world where there should be neither sin, nor sorrow, nor destruction.

What a sublime prophecy is this. How the destiny of man looks through these shadowy tales. Thus, man is perpetually overcome, and as yet we only see the generations passing in a long procession, troop on troop, to the grave. Yet we may rely upon it that the form only perishes, the being never ; and we may rely upon it that nations and men only die when the object of their true existence can be no more answered by continuing on the platform of inferior relations. The great thought of pain presses upon us sometimes. How little is known. Martyrs even have died at the stake whose names are lost to us. And how little do we know of that silent household martyrdom which crowns and glorifies many a lowly life ; how little do we know of the much-enduring and uncomplaining sufferings. What things are unwritten. We feel sometimes sad that all should be so unknown. What poems unpenned ; what wit unrecorded ; what heroism unwritten ; what deeds unchronicled. The effort is made, and there is no honour, and death comes and bears away his victim. What then ? Let us say this and feel this : the value of the deed is to the doer. *History !* what is history ? Rust on a gauntlet. Let us be sane, and count all tombstones worthless. On one page of history you may crowd twenty names that all seemed immortal in their day—lost now. We cannot set the value of most of the names which shine in the *Encyclopædia*, beyond the names on the village tombstones in the country churchyard.

Dr. Wilson's very interesting volumes have suggested a train of remark somewhat too discursive ; but we have several volumes before us which will enable us to return again to some ethnological speculations on unwritten history.

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## IV.

## COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.\*

‘**H**AVE you read Paine’s “Age of Reason,” sir?’ some one inquired once of Robert Hall. ‘Yes, sir, I have looked over it.’ ‘And what, may I ask, is your opinion of it, Mr. Hall?’ ‘My opinion of it, sir? Why, sir, it’s a mouse nibbling at the wing of an archangel, sir.’ And this is exactly our impression of Dr. Colenso’s book. It is ineffably weak and feeble. No doubt the man’s will is good; he has purposed to do a very effective thing. In fact, of all the books, with any measure of pretence, attacking the veracity of the Pentateuch, this is incomparably the weakest. If it makes any impression adverse to sacred truth, it must be because there is no light in the reader’s mind. There is no grasp in the book; no breadth either of emotion or vision. We will not merely say that moral questions, the great concerns of souls, the affections which embrace and the truths which ennoble man, are not to be tested as this bishop tries them, by arithmetic, by addition, and subtraction, and multiplication; historic questions are not either to be settled in this way. The estimate of the power, and influence, and character of nations is scarcely to be settled by the same twopenny-halfpenny faculty which weighs out beef, and bread, and butter. It is, no doubt, a most remarkable circumstance that a bishop of the English National Church should write a book to assail the veracity of the Bible through the first five books of it—not that this is altogether unprecedented and new. Eminent men have before now attacked the faith they were pledged to defend. But we again repeat our conviction, that of all such attacks this is the thinnest, the weakest, and the most ignorant. Of course, it is reading universally, for faith in the Bible is with the minority, and the majority of persons are glad to hear all that can be said against it. Such a book, therefore, soon makes its audience. This book has been quoted by almost every newspaper. Thousands will read it through the libraries who do not purchase it, notwithstanding its cold, hard, unattractive, and unfeeling style, through which there does not ray one single light of sentiment or expression. How enviable must our bishop’s feelings be; able to bend the knee before his Master

\* *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.* By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longman & Co.

and his Maker, and to say, Set apart to minister in thy temple, I know not if I have ever been instrumental in converting any to faith; but at least I have this satisfaction, I derive some large gain from having shaken the faith of some. There is something very peculiar in the case of this bishop. He never was a theologian. He was the author of some eminent books on arithmetic; and some time since, when he received an appointment to the bishopric of Natal, he astonished the world, and must surely have astonished the estimable prelate who has recently exchanged the primacy for his place in the skies, by publishing a letter recommending polygamy in our dealings with the natives as an introduction to Christianity. This was a considerable step towards Mormonism. He takes in this volume another step in advance, and publishes, while yet bishop of his diocese, this volume, designed to set aside as worthless the largest portion of the sacred writings, by undermining the truth, and throwing a shade upon the moral consistency of those known as the books of Moses.

There is something to our mind shocking in this circumstance, this reckless trifling with sacred things. He intimates his disposition while doing this thing to retain his position and his emoluments in the National Church. He acknowledges that the decision of Dr. Lushington assures him he cannot be touched by the law, by the ecclesiastical law of England, in his sacred office. He also acknowledges that he has given very little time to the study of the subject upon which he has published; not more, apparently, than about eighteen months; a short time indeed to devote to the consideration of questions affecting the faith of many ages and many millions of people, not to say his own. Many persons have said to us, 'And what effect has such a book on your mind?' and we have instantly replied, 'None.' But the question has then been put, 'Why?' and we have replied, 'Because we ourselves are subject to impressions and aspects of the book which overlook all that Dr. Colenso advances; and while reading this book we feel exactly what we felt when we read the 'Essays and Reviews,' that other notorious publication with which the Church of England favoured us some time since. Not one of its statements advances near, not to say does not touch, the place on which we stand. There are things which cannot be shaken. Convictions are not usually shocked by matters of arithmetic. And it has been remarked that a man's religion is not made up of the five hundred things he does not believe, but of the two or three he does believe. We again repeat then, that those whose faith is shivered by Dr. Colenso's book, suffer that calamity because they have been too indif-

ferent to fix their mind on any great central points of faith. It is true that some do feel sentiments of alarm, as if these spasms and hysterics were unprecedented and unexpected. On the contrary, prophecy points, alike in the words of our Lord and in the language of his apostles, to such times of agitation, and turbulence, and perturbation, when the defenders of the faith fall away from their consistency. Are not these 'the stars which fall from heaven'? And when smitten by their blows, faiths reel and tremble. Are not these 'the powers of heaven,' of which it was prophesied they shall be shaken? 'Yet once more I shake not earth only, but also heaven.' Such terms are of course used in the very language of symbolism. If 'earth' represents the world of the unconverted, the lower, the more natural state of humanity, as in the text, 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord,' heaven represents the more exalted, the spiritual state. Both are to be shaken before the end comes; and after the shock it will be found there are things which cannot be shaken: these will remain.

The age in which we live has been most truly called, beyond any other age of the world, the scientific age. Nothing is safe from the eye and the instruments of science. Nothing is hallowed, holy, or venerable. Science dissects; science takes to pieces. Man has two great powers in his soul: he can take to pieces—that we call the analytic faculty: he can put together—that we call the synthetic. Which of these is the greatest? Which of these is the evidence of real power? Analysis is the science of death: synthesis is the science of life. A child can pull a flower to pieces; but it takes all the forces of nature and the universe to create a flower. An idiot could perhaps pull to pieces a watch, but an idiot could not put it together again. So science can dissect; it can analyze. It is easy for the surgeon to follow life through nerves, and muscles, and arteries, and it is easy for the murderer to destroy life; but to put together, to not only give life, but to keep alive, this is beyond his skill. Thus again we say it is with our age. We are great in putting material things together. That habit is what we call the philosophic. He who does this we call a philosopher. But we are also great in pulling moral things to pieces. This habit we call the sceptical, and this habit has exhibited itself in many singular ways; has, it must be admitted, been no more reverent with matters of literary tradition than with the sacred records and depositories of our faith. It has disproved not only the existence of Moses, but of Homer too, and has given to us not only the documentary hypothesis of the Pentateuch, but has also disproved the unity of the *Illiad* and



the *Odyssey*, and demonstrated them to be a collection of ballads of the old Pelasgic world. The same nimble and adroit spirit of inquiry has taken to pieces the dramas of Shakspeare. The tricks of the analytic gentlemen with those somewhat famous productions is very edifying. Shakspeare's share in their production has been shown at any rate to be very slight; and among other hypotheses of the Colenso stamp is that which assigns them to the pen of Lord Bacon. And is it not very probable? How easy to construct an ingenious argument in favour of this paradox. And to this valuable order of books belongs the essay before us. Thus the truth of the Bible is evaporated away. Some there are who think that when the sceptic has tried his last forces and instruments on the book, still there will be found some indissectable and indissoluble things; some things which this kind of sophistical trifling will not avail to shake; things depending not on costume, colour, form, or expression, but, upon their acknowledgment, in the deeper consciousness of man—a mystery, a miracle of fitness, fellowship, and ministration of thought. Writers like Dr. Colenso in dealing with the Bible are dishonest. An honest mind in dealing with the Scripture would remember, that its earliest documents purport to be some three thousand five hundred years old. Its postdiluvian records touch a period even far beyond that. These records describe a state of society such as we have few means of knowing, few sympathies with. These records were written in a language utterly unlike ours. Not only is the language slightly known, but there are peculiarities of symbolism which give to all things conveyed in it a dim and shadowy meaning. Especially this is the case with the symbolic relations of numbers. Dr. Colenso is, we have no doubt, a very adroit arithmetician; but, while we are quite prepared for his infinite aims at Pythagorean harmony, we may perhaps remind him, and he will even condescend to admit, that numbers, figures, conveyed very different impressions to the mind to those like numbers convey now. He does not at all hesitate to imply his belief of the invention of numbers from their correspondence; but there may be evidently correspondence of signification—something more than a cunningly-devised fable seems to be intimated—in the number forty: the forty days and nights of the flood; the forty days and nights' communion of Moses with God on the mount, the forty years' wandering in the wilderness; the forty days and forty nights' loneliness and fasting of Elijah on Horeb; the forty days and forty nights' fasting of our Lord in the same region; the forty days' continuance of our Lord after his resurrection. It perhaps may not savour of unnecessary refinement to say, that the numbers of Scripture do seem to point

to an internal sense, and are not to be rudely pushed aside in the Colenso fashion by dogmatic declarations of imposition. The frequent coincidence is against this. It is true enough that in the Bible 'all is plain to him that understandeth.' On the great matters, 'a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err;' but then the eternal condition for understanding any teaching is reverence.

'To humbleness of heart descends  
The prescience from on high.'

This is the condition by which alone we know any truth. Moreover, truth is indeed one, and is always perfect, but the channel is imperfect, and the imperfect medium modifies its power. Almost all persons know how difficult it is to transfer to one language exactly the impressions and thoughts of another; and even languages have their *patois* and dialects. Is it too much to say we must remember these things when we read the Hebrew Scriptures? Dr. Colenso will remember none of these considerations, and we have said he knows nothing of different ages, or nations, or races, or costumes of thought. There is one consideration alone, and one faith alone, which holds him—two and two do make four—beyond this he never passes in this thoughtless, and irreverent, and disingenuous book.

We pity the Zulus with such a teacher. Why, what is our apprehension of the work of a Christian minister in coming into contact with an ignorant and infantile mind. To preach Christ to it! How? through the books of Leviticus or Exodus? One would think not. The apostle says, 'We are not under the law, but under Christ.' The bishop tells us how the faith of a Zulu convert was staggered while he and the bishop were translating a passage in the book of Exodus. Suppose our child to read the same passage, what might we say in the event of some such question? My dear child, wait before you read that, or ask any questions about that. Here is the life of your Saviour and teacher, Christ. Read this, and the words of those whom he appointed to follow him, and remember what he said there. Many things in those days were permitted or commanded because the hearts of those people were very hard. It is God's own Spirit, writing his laws upon our hearts and minds, which gives to us more tender sensibilities now. Instead of this, the bishop informs us he went to those wild, savage nations, and beneath the Gospel dispensation he preached Exodus to them, and now returns to England to say they could not understand his Christless talk. In a word, 'We are not under the law, but under Christ.' The New Testament is the guide of life.

Unconverted people have no business or concern with the Old Testament, save as a matter of literary curiosity. Again we say, What can children or ignorant persons know of the very key for the comprehension of the Old Testament, of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, or the Prophets? Conversion first, and Christian discipleship, before we have the right to open those pages or to look upon them as our property at all.

*'Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?'* we say, as we advance from page to page. We travel through the book, and we find not one thing which may not be shaken, while all the real and sacred things are left unshaken; indeed, they are left untouched. The book, we again say, produces upon the mind the impression that it is dishonest and disingenuous. The argument is conducted in an unfair spirit. Some of the objections are matters of pure invention, and all are the result of sheer trifling with sacred things. We do no injustice to the man in saying, that Dr. Colenso cannot have seen or felt the truth the Bible was intended to unveil. This awful book, these hoar and awful pages—awful if only for the hoar and amazing antiquity from whence they have descended; awful if only for myriads of souls they have inspired and nourished; awful if not the word of the living God; then awful because they reared and sustained, by their civil and theocratical wisdom, the nation which of all nations has most influenced the world's destiny; awful, for they were read by His eyes and lips who spake as never man spake, and he pronounced upon them no doubtful verdict. These awful pages are treated like a school-boy's sum of practice or the rule-of-three. The highest order of spiritual truth is tested by arithmetic. He fancies he detects bad arithmetic, and so he changes the whole attitude of his mind towards the book. These are the objections of this master in Israel. There is also, we notice, a disposition to create objections, where he does not aid in their unacknowledged transmigration from some previous volume. Thus his argument that it was physically impossible for Judah at the time of the descent into Egypt to have had grandchildren by Tamar. He supposes Judah to have been only three years older than Joseph. How, then, are we to account for the fact that Dinah was of an age to attract the notice of Shechem during the journey of Jacob from Padan Aram to Bethel, which even by Dr. Colenso's reckoning would have been six years after the birth of Joseph? All the objections are arithmetical. The size of the court of the tabernacle was so contracted, and the congregation of Israel so large, that it could not hold them. Yet we are told that five



millions of persons have visited this year the Great Exhibition. Suppose some hundreds of years hence it should be said this was impossible because the building would not contain at the most more than 100,000. Would this militate against the actual fact? Again, Moses and Joshua are said to have addressed all Israel. But there could not have been fewer than two millions of persons; how, then, to the ears of such multitudes could they rehearse all the words of the law? Is this impossible? Is not a proclamation of the monarch made to the ears of all England—to twenty millions or thirty millions of people? The words of the proclamation are supposed to reach the ears of all, although only made here and there by a mayor in a market-place. These are the objections, and such as these. How could such a multitude exist in Egypt? How could such a multitude simultaneously march out of Egypt? How could they be sustained in the midst of the sandy desert? These are the objections, and such as these. These are the difficulties with which the bishop thinks it worth while to detain his readers. He evidently renounces all idea of miracle, all homage to the supernatural in the history of Israel and in the narratives of the Pentateuch. He admits he knows little upon the matter; has not devoted any great portion of time to the consideration of these vast archaic questions. He never refers even to the work of Von Bohlen, where substantially most of his objections will be found expressed forty years since. The literature of the Pentateuch seems to be unknown to him. His numerous quotations range only over a few writers; as Kurtz, Havernick, and Hengstenburg. A synthesis of the Pentateuch never occurs to him. He would be content enough to take Haarlem organ to pieces, and throw its pipes and keys irreverently aside, utterly mindless of any tones or notes which awed or moved the listening multitude: a man to whom music is an affair of acoustics, and the genius of Holman Hunt or Turner an affair of colour-grinding. Hence there is not one word of reverence for the amazing truths taught—the mystic, shadowy, and profound utterances of the book. There is little reverence, or rather there is none, for the Bible at all. He is a man who, had he seen that great sight on Horeb—the bush burning with fire, unconsumed—would have felt no intimidation about drawing near to the vision. He would have been at no needless reverential trouble about taking off his shoes from his feet. He would only have used his shepherd's crook for the purpose of beating out and extinguishing the flame, in order that he might submit the whole imposture to some delicate refinement of chemistry.

Our blessed Lord himself is charged with ignorance. And with reference to the matters in dispute, Dr. Colenso claims to know more than he did; while he distinctly denies the supernatural knowledge of the Son of God. He says:—

‘Lastly, it is perfectly consistent with the most entire and sincere belief in our Lord’s Divinity, to hold, as many do, that, when He vouchsafed to become a “Son of Man,” he took our nature fully, and voluntarily entered into all the conditions of humanity, and among others, into that which makes our growth in all ordinary knowledge *gradual* and *limited*. We are expressly told, in Luke ii. 52, that “Jesus increased in *wisdom*,” as well as in “*stature*.” It is not supposed that, in His human nature, He was acquainted more than any educated Jew of the age, with the mysteries of all modern sciences, nor, with St. Luke’s expressions before us, can it be seriously maintained that, as an *infant* or *young child*, He possessed a knowledge surpassing that of the most pious and learned adults of His nation, upon the subject of the authorship and age of the different portions of the Pentateuch. At what period, then, of His life upon earth, is it to be supposed that He had granted to Him, as the Son of Man, *supernaturally*, full and accurate information on these points, so that He should be expected to speak about the Pentateuch in other terms than any other devout Jew of that day would have employed? Why should it be thought that He would speak with certain *Divine* knowledge on this matter, more than upon other matters of ordinary science or history?’

Christ, who could raise the dead, and cleanse the leper, and forgive sins, and speak to the hearts of all mankind, and redeem the world, had not the knowledge of the affairs of his own kingdom and his own people. It is necessary for the bishop to say all this, that he may escape from our Lord’s condemnation of the heretics of this day: ‘If ye had believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me; but if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?’ Is there not something dreadful in turpitude like this calling itself Christian teaching? Truly, while we read we thought of a little *jeu d’esprit* of Thomas Binney’s, in a large meeting called to protest against the follies of another bishop, exhibited in his treatment of Mr. Shore—

‘The men who keep Thy law with care,  
And meditate Thy word;  
Grow wiser than their bishops are,  
And better know the Lord.’

But after looking over the pages of Dr. Colenso, there come to the mind many considerations which overlook all the apparent inconsistencies of his numbers, but which appear to have pro-

duced no impression on his mind. Thus the book is an amazing fact. It is here. What avail all the little higgings of arithmetic against it? Dr. Colenso's treatment of the book reminds us of the vulgar traditions about Stonehenge; the peasants were wont to say that the stones could not be counted twice alike. There are most likely sixty-two: but whoever made sixty-two twice counting? But what a stern, mysterious fact it is, that wonderful block of stones, that group of solitaires in the wild wind-girdled desert! How did Stonehenge come there? We have not a shred of a word to say. Druidic age, Roman age, Saxon age, it is all dark; and just so the mystery of the book; it is the only ancient history; forms in it are dimly discried through the night of time. What shall we say of it, but that its very being is a miracle? Dr. Colenso believes nothing miraculous about it. We do. What, then, is the issue in our individual opinions? No, by no means; it is in the fact itself, and it is a stupendous fact. Dispute about figures, dispute about colours, but think of the awful age of the book: before Homer sung, before Herodotus travelled; what do we say? before England, before Rome, before Greece existed at all. This is the record of the world's first fathers, and the disputes about it are disputes about the hoar upon the walls or windows of a building, whose origin is lost on the horizon of all the ages: there it stands. These things of Colenso's are no new things, although he seems to think that such questions as he has raised have never vexed the minds of readers, or been agitated by scholars before: gentlemanly Voltaireisms or Paineisms. Go back as far as the first ages of Christianity. Men have said, 'Go to; let us pull up this mountain; and to begin, let us pull up this which has grown upon it, and these veins which run through it.' Well, there stands the calm mountain still, a fountain of life on it and in it, springs gushing forth from the side of it, and millions upon millions of the sheep feed upon its herbage from age to age. We confess we cannot rectify all the numbers in it. Some things *seem* to us plainly contradictory, but as we draw near, we see a great sight; its pages burn like the unconsumed bush: this is one of the things which cannot be shaken. Thus remains the book; it is the most amazing literary mystery in the world. Look at its wonderful unity! Look at its harmony, so divine; then try to group into one consentaneous voice, the poets, the historians, the philosophers of Greece, or Rome, or even England itself. Try to make such a volume as that which has happened to be somehow the literature of that old Palestine. Could it be done? It could not be done. That this book is in some form a miracle is by far the most easy solution of its mysterious character. Earthquakes rock round it; they



root it ; superstition swathes it only to retire and to leave it the brighter : it cannot be shaken, it remains.

This essential unity of the Pentateuch is not at all affected by what is called 'the documentary hypothesis' of it. What if the one spirit took and informed and synthesised the long-accumulated range of traditions and facts ! If God condescended for a purpose to inspire a history of England, would the history be less divine because it took up the traditions and facts of the times of Alfred or the settlement of the Conqueror ? Of course, the things narrated in the Genesis had happened long before, and were perhaps recorded long before in some way, and were possibly known and believed. But what a folly to suppose that the book is therefore not trustworthy. Thus also with reference to the alleged twofold or threefold manifestation of God : it is said there are especially two distinct characters traceable in these documents ; that in the elder God is revealed as the Elohim, and these are called the Elohist documents ; in the later God is revealed as Jehovah, and these are called the Jehovistic documents. What if it be so ? It is alleged that the Elohim is the vast, the awful, and infinite Creator of the ends of the earth. The Jehovah is the Lord, coming nigh to man, and making himself known to him. Strange that men are unable to see that that which to their analytic processes becomes an argument against the unity is the very evidence of the unity alike of the book and its revelation. Another circumstance quite overlooked by Dr. Colenso is, that the history of the book is one story. It is the history of a Divine family. This venerable and awful book all have sought to obtain possession of. The geologist, the ethnologist, the geographer, the philologist, the astronomer, the historian, all have kept a constant turmoil round it, seeking to wrest it for themselves. In fact, the Bible, or the Pentateuch, was never intended to teach us in either of these matters, nor to inform us upon the questions of science or of dietetics. It is the history of God's interest in human souls ; it is the story of his covenant ; always the same from the beginning to the close. This is the intention of the book ; it is the story of the covenant. Men may differ as to the way in which they understand that covenant ; but through the Bible, and through the whole of the Pentateuch, one consistent purpose runs ; it is the story of a peculiar people, man, the exemplification of the glory of God. The substantial truth taught to the Jews is taught still ; but to them it was taught with concessions, in stern outlines, or in fillings-up of shadows, and dim form and colours. Our Lord gave the principle of the whole when he said the Mosaic constitution was framed to meet the essential hardness of the people's hearts.

The tabernacle was a large illuminated missal ; the services and the ritual were a large illustrated religious *Times*. Leviticus, we may read if we will, but we have passed beyond it, and need it no more than we need a missal or a breviary. That law is fulfilled. The amazing folly of this book appears in that it really aims to make the very existence of the nation of Israel an impossibility, from the large number of the nation in Egypt as compared with the small number who went down into Egypt ; but the Doctor, in his nicely refining calculations, has omitted to include the dependents and the companies of the tribe and the families. It is clear that it was a very large people by the measures taken to prevent their increase. But, in fact, with reference to all the questions raised by the bishop there is this answer, How are we to account for the submission of the Jews through so many ages to these laws, these burdensome ceremonies and restrictions ? How are we to account for their reception of these traditions, which were all founded on the faith that the facts narrated in the book were authentic, and on that faith alone ? Colenso remarks upon the impossibility of the whole multitude assembling to the service of the tabernacle. He flings about the charges of absurdity with adroit and agile goodwill ; but the absurdity will usually be found to be created only from his own conception of the circumstance. Thus his difficulty about the whole congregation being gathered before the door of the tabernacle to witness the consecration of Aaron and his sons. The bishop takes out his foot-rule, and declares that there are so many people that there is no room for them to stand upon. The area of the outer tabernacle was only 1692 years : how could two millions of people stand on such a space ? Why really the difficulty does not seem at all insuperable to the spirit of the most perverse ingenuity. It is quite easy to conceive Moses and Aaron, and his sons, and the attendant Levites, going through the ceremony of consecration within the tabernacle, and the whole congregation assembled outside ; and it is also consolatory to know that there really is a plain, in front of Mount Sinai, where Israel most likely was encamped, which gives 'ample room and verge enough' for all supposed to be there. Matters like these, abounding in this thin volume, justify the criticism that our writer, with his arithmetical speciality, is ready at figures, but wholly inapt at all the facts from which figures spring, and to which figures point. 'He puzzles his head with numbers and dimensions, and overlooks facts which lie under his nose.' In many aspects of the book there is a likeness to the celebrated 'Life of Jesus' by Strauss. As Strauss sought to throw into myth all circumstances of the life of Christ, so Colenso has sought to

throw into myth the history of Israel. Before his refining mind it does all become 'a cunningly-devised fable,' the fabrication of a later age. After allowing to the ingenuity of the bishop the utmost latitude, still the mind remains where it was, impressed with the marvellous mystery and story of these people, unlike any other in the whole range of profane history, and well denominated sacred. This is one of the things which cannot be shaken, the story of the family. Take what exception we may to the complication of the numbers, there are thoughts which transcend all such considerations; all is constructed with reference to the family; the ceremonial law was to each member a constant memorial; a book, some page of which was ever before the eye; and we think with Professor Blunt, that the onerous and binding character of the law clearly exhibits the miraculous estimation in which it was held. However it may impress or affect our minds, it met the Jew by its justice and its benevolence; at every step it met them, with some restraint or other at every turn.

'Would they plough?—Then it must not be with an ox and an ass (Deut. xxii. 10). Would they sow?—Then must not the seed be mixed (Deut. xxii. 9). Would they reap?—Then must they not reap clean (Lev. xix. 9). Would they make bread?—Then must they set apart dough enough for the consecrated loaf (Num. xv. 20). Did they find a bird's-nest?—Then must they let the old bird fly away (Deut. xxii. 6). Did they hunt?—Then they must shed the blood of their game, and cover it with dust (Lev. xvii. 13). Did they plant a fruit-tree?—For three years was the fruit to be uncircumcised (Lev. xix. 23). Did they shave their beards?—They were not to cut the corners (Lev. xix. 27). Did they weave a garment?—Then must it be only with threads prescribed (Lev. xix. 19). Did they build a house?—They must put rails and battlements on the roof (Deut. xxii. 8). Did they buy an estate?—At the year of Jubilee back it must go to its owner (Lev. xxv. 13). This last was in itself and alone a provision which must have made itself felt in the whole structure of the Jewish commonwealth, and have sensibly affected the character of the people; every transfer of land throughout the country having to be regulated in its price according to the remoteness or proximity of the year of release; and the desire of accumulating a species of property usually considered the most inviting of any, counteracted and thwarted at every turn. All these (and how many more of the same kind might be named!) are enactments which it must have required extraordinary influence in the Lawgiver to enjoin, and extraordinary reverence for his powers to perpetuate.'

The Poor Laws of the Hebrews all point the same way, but specially all point to them as a peculiar people. Most mys-



teriously the idea of the covenant runs through the whole of these ancient books. God keeps calling through the night of that distant time ; through all those mysterious people, those wonderful biographies, those imperfect divinely used and divinely led men, the Abrams, the Isaacs, the Jacobs, and Josephs ; how clear their history, how sharp, how distinct. This we take to be one of the strong crags of the book, its unity of intention, its one history, the deliverance of the people and the race. Dr. Colenso is very complimentary to the pages of Hindooism ; those pages need all the compliments he can honestly give. Why, it is no doubt true that through many ages, and among many peoples, God has not left himself without a witness : our Lord told us as much in his teaching. Paul preached this doctrine on Mars' Hill, and argued it in the Epistle to the Romans ; but the thing which cannot be shaken is, that in those pages is preserved the narrative of the highest history, and at the same time the ideal of the human family.

One of the supposed impregnable fortresses of the Pentateuch and of Mosaic Institutions has been, that in it we have the most sublime and only satisfactory portrait of God ; no idolatry disfigures here, here is no Shamanism, no Fetishism, no image of God ; on the contrary, there is no Boodism, no Pantheistic abstraction, it is all personality, and it is all infinity ; it is true that God is revealed to us rather as Power than Wisdom, and here is indeed a Divine coincidence. The Wisdom is the revelation of the later day, Christ was the wisdom, not less than the power of God ; the ancient revelation is the revelation of Will, absolute will. God, long-suffering, merciful, gracious, pardoning iniquity, by no means clearing the guilty, and that which shadows with an awful gloom his character, but which in some way we do perceive fearfully marking all the dispensations of his providence then and now, 'visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' It has been usually thought that it is beyond humanity to have conveyed such a portrait of God as is conveyed here. God is, and God communicates his will to men ; but how different to *these* lineaments the book we have thought is of God, and in the delineation of the way in which God will be known and seen. God, God, God everywhere unfolding himself and seeking to win attention. This is one of those things we have thought could not be shaken. Neither, indeed, does our writer refer to it much. In this book we have the more solemn, and vivid, and sufficient picture of God. He does, however, attempt to shade the portrait with the story of the slaughter of Midian. Some of those old narratives seem to favour slavery. 'How,'

says he 'is it possible to quote the Bible as in any way condemning slavery, when we read here of Jehovah's tribute of slaves, thirty-two persons?' It is the stern and terrible history of a stern and terrible time; it was a time of war, and conquest, and of enslavement too; but surely these things in the light of what the world was, and in the light of that new dispensation which has taught us how rightly to regard these things, cannot weigh very heavily with us? Again, we cannot but wonder that an amazingly preponderant weight on the other side has not given to Dr. Colenso's pen a reverence and prudence which it wholly and entirely lacks. Revelation gives to us views of God most wonderful, views we cannot transcend, but God has shown us constantly that he conditions himself in his dealings with his creatures by condescending to their necessities, and to the limitations of their knowledge and their characters.

One of the things apparently clearly perceived by Dr. Colenso, and we have already referred to it, is, that the writings of Moses and the word and the work of Christ sink and fall together. We have already referred to the word of our Lord, 'If ye believe not Moses, neither will ye believe me;' it seems so: but the New Testament is a door which hinges on the Old, and especially on the books of Moses. The law was a school-master to bring to Christ. The whole of the Epistle to the Hebrews is constructed as an argument to illustrate to the Jews of that day how all the ancient ritualism meets, melts, and dissolves in Christ. The undesigned coincidences of the Epistle to the Hebrews—coincidences which look deeper than the analogy suggested—are amazing. This we take to be one of the things which cannot be shaken; and we have the evidence of it in the writer of this book, who declares his intention to advance, to go on, if he shall see it necessary, to use the same dissection of the New Testament he has so irreverently used with the Old. He says, 'I tremble' (he well may) 'at the result of my inquiries; rather I should do so, were it not that I believe firmly in a God of righteousness and truth and love, who both is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Should all else give way beneath me, I feel that his everlasting arms are still under me. I am sure that the solid ground is there, on which my feet can rest, in the knowledge of Him "in whom I live, and move, and have my being," who is my "faithful Creator," my "almighty and most merciful Father."' It is impossible to read such words as these without a deep feeling of affectionate interest, but the principle of them we hold to be most fallacious. No! let the revelation of God's mind and will go,

and we maintain that then all is gone. Nothing but a descent into the night, deep night. It is hopeless despondency and despair, and there is a tone in the preceding words which proclaims that it is so with this unhappy bishop. What has that general and inobjective belief availed for either individuals or the world? 'God hath forgotten me' is a poor foundation for confidence, and the only ground for believing ourselves forgotten of God is, the genuineness and authenticity of these old books, especially their distinctive pointing to Christ, and Christ's distinctive pointing to them as the illustrations and prophecies of his divine mission.

The following extract is lengthy, but by the side of such thoughts, or rather thoughtlessness, as abound in Dr. Colenso's Essay, it may be read with profit:—

'For, I have travelled through the writings of Moses, beginning from the history of Abraham, when a sojourner in the land of Canaan, and ending with a transaction which happened on the borders of that land, when the descendants of Abraham, now numerous as the stars in heaven, were about to enter and take possession. I have found, in the progress of this chequered series of events, the marks of truth never deserting us—I have found (to recapitulate as briefly as possible) *consistency without design* in the many hints of a Patriarchial Church incidentally scattered through the Book of Genesis taken as a *whole*—I have found it in *particular* instances; in the impassioned terms wherein the Father of the Faithful intercedes for a devoted city, of which his *brother's son* was an inhabitant—in the circumstance of his own son receiving in marriage the *grand-daughter* of his brother, a singular confirmation that he was the child of his parent's old age, the miraculous offspring of a sterile bed—I have found it in the several oblique intimations of the imbecility and insignificance of *Bethuel*—in the concurrence of Isaac's meditation in the field, with the fact of his mother's recent *death*—and in the desire of that Patriarch on a subsequent occasion to impart the blessing, as compared with what seem to be symptoms of a present and serious *sickness*—I have found it in the singular command of Jacob to his followers, to put away their idols, as compared with the sacking of an *idolatrous city*, and the capture of its idolatrous inhabitants shortly before—I have found it in the *identity* of the character of Jacob, a character offered to us in many aspects and at many distant intervals, but still ever the same—I have found it in the *lading* of the camels of the Ishmaelitish merchants, as compared with the mode of sepulture amongst the Egyptians—in the allusions to the *corn crop* of Egypt, thrown out in such a variety of ways, and so inadvertently in all, as compared one with another—I have found it in the proportion of that crop *permanently* assigned to Pharaoh, as compared with that which was taken up by Joseph for the famine; and in the very natural manner in which a great revolu-



tion of the State is made to arise out of a temporary emergency—I have found it in the tenderness with which the property of the *priests* was treated, as compared with the honour in which they were held by the King, and the alliance which had been formed with one of their families by the minister of the King—I have found it in the character of *Joseph*, which, however and whenever we catch a glimpse of it, is still *one*: and whether it be gathered from his own words or his own deeds, from the language of his father or from the language of his brethren, is still uniform throughout—I have found it in the marriage of Amram, the *grandson* of Levi, with Jochebed his *daughter*—I have found it in the death of Nadab and Abihu, as compared with the remarkable law which follows touching the *use of wine*; and in the removal of their corpses by the sons of Uzziel, as compared with the defilement of certain in the camp about the same time by the *dead body* of a man—I have found it in the gushing of *water* from the rock at Rephidim, as compared with the attack of the Amalekites which followed—in the state of the crops in *Judea* at the Passover, as compared with that of the crops in *Egypt* at the plague of *hail*—in the proportion of *oxen and waggons* assigned to the several families of the Levites, as compared with the different services they had respectively to discharge—I have found it in the order of march observed in one *particular* case, when the Israelites broke up from Mount Sinai, as compared with the *general* directions given in other places for pitching the tents and sounding the alarms—I have found it in the peculiar propriety of the *grouping* of the conspirators against Moses and Aaron, as compared with their relative situations in the camp—consisting, as they do, of such a family of the Levites and such a tribe of the Israelites as dwelt on the same side of the tabernacle, and therefore had especial facilities for clandestine intercourse—I have found it in an *inference* from the direct narrative, that the families of the conspirators did not perish alike, as compared with a subsequent most casual assertion, that though the households of Dathan and Abiram were destroyed, the *children of Korah died not*—I have found it in the desire expressed conjointly by the tribe of Reuben and the tribe of Gad to have lands allotted them together on the east side of Jordan, as compared with their *contiguous* position in the camp during their long and trying march through the wilderness—I have found it in the uniformity with which Moses implies a free *communication* to have subsisted amongst the scattered inhabitants of the East—in the unexpected discovery of Balaam amongst the dead of the *Midianites*, though he had departed from Moab, apparently to return to his own country, as compared with the *united* embassy that was sent to invite him—I have found it in the extraordinary diminution of the tribe of *Simeon*, as compared with the occasion of the death of Zimri, a chief of that tribe, the only individual whom Moses thinks it necessary to name, and the victim by which the plague is appeased—and finally, I have found it in the prohibition recorded in Deuteronomy against multiplying *horses*, as compared with the actual absence of the horse

from the history of the Israelites on so many occasions when we should have expected to meet with it.\*

We must notice that of which Dr. Colenso takes no notice; the first thing we notice is, that the book of the *Pentateuch* is *prophetical*. We can only touch two prophecies of this ancient book. But how wonderful they are! That promise to Abraham — 'In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.' Even so said our Lord: 'Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it, and was glad.' And is it not so? Blessed! The temple is in dust; the tabernacle scattered to the winds; Jews scattered out. Jesus makes the families of the earth blessed.

Three thousand four hundred years since God promised 'salvation should be of the Jews,' and salvation is of the Jews. Abraham is dead, and the prophets are dead, but this cannot be moved. 'Prayer is made to him continually:' 'He comes down like rain upon the mown grass.'

Another of the marvellous prophecies is that of that old man Noah: 'God will enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.' Have we not instances of this? Where is the Semitic race? And *where are the children of Japheth*? We have taken possession of his blessings, and Japheth is where the Jews were, England where Judea was.

We are quite aware with what contempt these views will be received by some readers. The views of Dr. Davidson on the *Pentateuch* are before us, with Colenso's. The work of Davidson† is a book worthy of every patient and careful study. He *grasps* the study with all the tenacity, and more than the learning, of a Warburton. With all a Warburton's insolence, too. He scouts, and scatters, and scoffs all opinions that demand more spirituality and mystery than his own. But he too utterly denies, apparently, everything that may be regarded as objective truth. He says:—

'A man under the trammels of a sect in which religious liberty is but a name, is not favourably situated for the task of thoroughly investigating critical or theological subjects. Truth in its integrity is above sects, though they try to imprison it, each within its own Goshen; nor will they ever do it fitting homage till they get beyond the childishness of their little peculiarities, and breathe the free air of God's own church. Let it be borne in mind that personal reli-

\* 'Undesigned Coincidences in the writings both of the Old and New Testament: an Argument for their Veracity.' By Rev. J. J. Blunt, late Margaret Professor of Divinity.

† 'An Introduction to the Old Testament, critical, historical, and theological; containing a discussion of the more important questions belonging to the several books.' By Samuel Davidson, D.D.

gion does not lie in the reception of intellectual propositions or dogmas, *but in the emotions of the heart towards God and man—in faith, hope, and charity.* It is the life of God in the soul, manifested in a life of practical self-denial and benevolence, which human creeds and their defenders often succeed in choking. Strange that the many having yet to learn that fact decry the men whose critical studies go beyond or against *their* dogmatical prepossessions. *Putting religion where the Bible does not, they misunderstand its nature and caricature its spirit, by fashioning God after their own image, and expecting that others will see Him as they do—a Being malignant and partial—the creature of a corrupt imagination.*

Views of the spirituality of the Pentateuch only 'serve to fill up English books. Kurtz's are so far-fetched that nobody but one determined to shut his eyes would transcribe them.' We will present our readers with another of Dr. Davidson's choice characterizations:—

'Are smatterers in Hebrew the persons to lament over *such* men's treatment of questions that have nothing to do with religion, as though it were irreligious? Is it a heinous heresy to be out of the pale of what is called evangelicalism? Fortunate indeed it is, that they *are* out of the pale of that intolerable evangelicalism which thanks God, in the spirit of the Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray. As long as the stale attempts of Hengstenberg and his school to uphold the Mosaic authorship of the whole Pentateuch are dealt out in small doses in Great Britain, the criticism of the Old Testament is retarded, and a barrier set up against the tide of enlightened opinion, which must soon be swept away. The scholars of Germany may well wonder at the traditional *inertia* of English theologians who sleep over the Bible, and cry neology when new information is brought to their ears; but the latter must shortly awake out of their lethargy, and open their minds to the light of truth. Their old dogma of inspirational infallibility must be discarded: then will *the results* of scientific criticism have a chance of penetrating their understandings. We say *the results*, because it is evident that they are unable to estimate aright certain *processes* in the department of Hebrew criticism; or to separate *masters* from *apprentices* in Biblical learning. It is compassionately thought, that Germans are incapable of appreciating evidence; but the questions we speak of are those in which the evidence largely involves an intimate knowledge and acute perception of *Hebrew* writing. Of course it is necessary to assume that the poor Germans, whose acquaintance with the Bible records is immeasurably beyond that of this nation, are grossly deficient in reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and incapable of sympathising in the pious feelings of the sacred writers; as if *ignorance* and *superstition* were the constituents of reverence. . . . Declamation, invective, pietistic horror, orthodox pity for the infidel Germans, answer no purpose but to impose on the vulgar: and as insertions in religious works, are utterly out of place. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he



standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand." Censorious judging, cowardly insinuation, uncharitable suspicion, stealing others' good name and character, constitute the religion of many. Happy will it be for them, if it takes them to heaven sooner than the sceptics they hate.'

Dr. Davidson may have suffered from the cruelty of some men, but in words like these he publishes the justification of their verdicts. We have quoted the passages above from many such, and we do not hesitate to say, we think less of the mind of Dr. Davidson, since he can so easily hand over to superstition and ignorance men whose conclusions and faith lead them to results different to his own. Still the work of Dr. Davidson only suffers by these manifestations of temper. It is far nearer to the ordinary views of the church of the last three thousand years than Dr. Colenso's volume. It is patient, able, very scholarly, and simply evidences the sheer and utter inability of the author to deal with and grasp spiritual truth synthetically. He knows the principles of philosophic criticism, but seems to be unable to apply them.

Finally, we will express our faith that in attacks like that contained in this volume, there is no cause to fear. Some, who fasten their faith blindly to authority, have said, See, this is the boasted freedom of thought. Cling to traditionalism, and you will be free from these panics. Well, Romanists and Semi-Romanists may taunt us with the result of departure, but we do not desire a change. Men may die as really from the poison of a stagnant river as from the storm of a free wind. We do not desire the clamping irons and handcuffs for thought. We have pretty copiously expressed feelings for this book allied to indignation and contempt: indignation that a man pledged to defend the Christian faith, should lend his hand so assiduously to uproot it; and contempt for such an indulgence upon such a subject in the very frivolities of criticism, and for ignorance lagging so far behind the reading of the age. His work reminds us of a man who goes with a friend to climb a mountain, but insists on measuring it before he climbs, and so misses the prospect.

He has felt the fine linen of the old priest's vestments only to inquire how much was this a yard. The Ark of the Covenant is beheld by him, not an object of veneration and awe, but a thing to be taken to pieces. He reminds us of a man who, wishing to be expert in anatomy, must needs dissect his mother's body. The bishop tests adulteration by sacramental bread, and to wash his hands, nothing will serve him for a ewer but a church chalice.

## V.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

**M.** ALFRED MAURY, a member of the French Institute, has lately published an interesting psychological study connected with the mysterious subjects of 'Sleep and Dreams.'\*

M. Maury was born at Meaux in 1817. His father was a skilful engineer and a celebrated mathematician; but the son manifested from his earliest childhood a taste for archæology and a preference for the ancient languages. At an early age he was appointed to be under-librarian at the Bibliothèque Royale, and in 1860 he was raised by the Emperor to the sole management of this important establishment. In 1843 M. Maury published his first work on the 'Legends of the Middle Ages,'† and this was speedily followed by a treatise on witchcraft,‡ and other laborious and interesting essays. In 1857 he brought out a 'History of the Religions of Ancient Greece,'§ which was intended to be the first part of a general investigation into the elaborate polytheism of the ancients, and in 1860 he published his account of 'Magic and Magicians.'||

M. Maury is no careless *dilettante* in science. He is an enthusiast in whatever he undertakes, and never shrinks from the most laborious and self-denying work to accomplish his ends. At the present time he offers himself, as Montaigne would say, '*tout entier*' to his readers, and, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, dissects his mental anatomy for the benefit of the public. He does not profess any peculiar theories of philosophy, but endeavours to follow the Baconian principle of suspending judgment till facts have been fully established; and meanwhile he records the result of careful observations which he has made upon the mental state of himself and his friends in that peculiar condition when their intelligence was, as he tells us, '*en déshabille*.'

'During many years,' says M. Maury, 'I have continued the study of experimental psychology according to a method which is open to every one. I have observed myself, sometimes in my bed and sometimes in my arm-chair, at the moment when I began to doze; I have noted exactly what happened to be my state of mind before I was overtaken by sleep, and I have

\* *Le Sommeil et les Rêves. Etudes Psychologiques.* 1862.

† *Essai sur les Légendes pieuses du Moyen Age.* Paris. 1843.

‡ *Les Fées du Moyen âge.* 1855.

§ *Histoire des Religions de la Grèce Antique.* Tomes i.—iii. 1857—1860.

|| *La Magie et les Magiciens.* 1860.

requested some friend to awaken me suddenly at intervals, shorter or longer, from the instant when I commenced to slumber. Awakened with a start, the memory of a dream from which I have been abruptly recalled has always remained freshly impressed upon my mind. . . . I have recorded in a notebook my different observations on these facts; and thus I have in my possession a repertory of all the dreams which I have dreamt in different periods of my life, with coincidences and analogies on the various manners in which they were produced. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that however scientific and practical this method may appear at first sight to be, yet the psychological observations which are made by one person on the peculiarities of his nervous state will not often be a sufficient guide to the eccentricities of others. Indeed, the whimsical method of self-analysis which M. Maury has chosen to adopt is less likely to be valuable to the reader as a help to practical research from the numerous and evident idiosyncrasies of the writer.

'Few persons,' he explains, 'dream so readily or so frequently as I do. Very rarely does the remembrance of what I have dreamed escape me, and the recollection remains fresh and vivid for months. . . . I often doze in the evenings, and during short moments of sleep I commence dreams, the relation of which to thoughts which had previously occupied my mind I am able at the end of a few seconds to verify. Then the smallest deviation in my diet, and the slightest change in my daily routine, gives rise in my case to dreams, or *hypnagogue hallucinations*, completely different from those of my every-day life. I have thus constantly in my hand the measure of effects produced by causes which I am able to appreciate.' This curious expression, 'hypnagogue' (derived from two Greek words, ὑπνός and ἀγώγην), is one upon which M. Maury constantly insists. In plain English, these hallucinations would be called 'night-mare,' and good old Dr. Watts might have spoken of them with supreme contempt, as 'he told me his dreams talked of eating and drinking,' since they refer, in fact, to those illusory impressions on the senses which sometimes take place in the intermediate state between sleeping and waking, and often assume the forms of strange and monstrous images, which present themselves to the mind when the eyes are closed. M. Maury regards these illusory impressions as furnishing us with the 'embryogeny' of the dream. He thinks that their connection with dreams, somnambulism, and some states of insanity, has not been sufficiently investigated.

Our limits will not allow us to follow the French physiologist in his various hypotheses, though we are far from undervaluing



the importance of the subject. That which is mysterious is properly an important sphere of human thought. It is the sphere of reflection, of contemplation, of awe, and of reverence. It is well that the cause of everything is not seen as readily as its effect. Those deep solitudes and 'awful cells,'

'Where heavenly, pensive Contemplation dwells,'

would be broken in upon, and the charm destroyed, if once the element of mystery were taken from us. '*Le peuple*,' says Lamartine, '*n'est pas érudit il, est pathétique.*' The sympathetic world can follow the poet through all the capricious wanderings of his fancy with more ease and delight than the intellectual world can follow the philosopher through the intricate mazes of his calculations and the subtle demonstrations of his reason. Many men can feel with the poet, but few can reason with the philosopher. Yet in poetry a large share of the mysterious is to be found, for the emotions which it strives to express are those which transcend words, and its figures and similes are often vague and indefinite.

The mysterious and wonderful state of sleep presents attractions alike to the physiologist, to the physician, to the psychologist, to the poet, and to the seer. The questions as to the nature of sleep, and the changes which take place in the animal system during its existence, have puzzled the learned of all ages, and still, to a measure, remain unsolved. Some have supposed sleep to be merely a succession of 'twinklings of oblivion'—a period of unconsciousness, and the Germans have styled it the twin-brother of death. Other metaphysicians assume that dreams are the result of disordered health; whilst, again, in the opinion of others the rest of the first Adam must have wrapped the soul as well as the body in its swoonlike unconsciousness. Taking the latter view of the subject, it would seem that dreamful slumber must follow the disturbance of healthful life; and the frequent occurrence of dreams may be ascribed to the undue excitement of the brain. But, on the other hand, there are hypotheses to the effect that the unconsciousness of the body does not necessarily imply the unconsciousness of the soul; that dreaming may be a normal condition of the system; that the sleeping and waking existences, though separated from each other, may be equally conscious; and that utter dormancy of mind is an impossibility. We have neither time nor inclination to weary our readers with these discussions, but may remark, that amongst all the theories which have been evoked to account for the condition of sleep, those have obtained most weight with the thinking public which refer it to exhaustion of the sensorial

powers, to nervous fatigue, or to changes in the 'cerebral circulation.' M. Maury attaches great importance to the theory of congestion, supposing that the nervous energy becomes gradually enfeebled during the waking state, and the circulation slower and slower, whilst the suspension of attention and of voluntary motion may follow upon the congested condition of the vessels of the brain. According to this theory, which has the merit of a certain simplicity, sleep is the suspension of volition. Thinking implies an action of the will, by which the thoughts are steadily kept to one fixed point, and each idea, as it is separately presented to the mind, is compared with another and reasoned upon. In slumber volition is, for a time, suspended, and the thoughts being confined to no pivot, and deprived of all guidance, wander confusedly; so that (as M. Maury expresses it) the 'understanding, of which we are so proud, passes in an instant through alternations of power and feebleness,' and a moment of sleep or of heaviness, as he mournfully declares, may reduce us to the humiliating level of 'the squalling infant or the doting old man.'

Memory, as he allows, often exerts an important influence in our dreams, reproducing the thoughts and events of the preceding day. Also, as might be expected, the imagination becomes all powerful. In a well-balanced mind, judgment and reason act as even counterpoises to imagination and fancy, but during the period of sleep the ballast is thrown overboard, the equilibrium is no longer maintained, and falsehood paints a series of pictures which have all the semblance of truth. Distance and time are annihilated, the dead are revived, youth and health are restored, and the loftiest ambition is at once attained. Descartes founded one of his most important theories on these facts. The falsity in dreams, he declared, lay in their dependence on the imagination, or on the vivid recollection of sensible things. From this he argued that our waking impressions are sometimes false in a like manner, as when a man suffering from the jaundice sees everything yellow, or when we suppose the stars to be small because of their distance. 'Observe, then,' he continued, 'that whether we wake, or whether we sleep, we should not suffer ourselves to be persuaded, except by the evidence of our reason, *for reason does not teach us that all we see or imagine is true.*'

We enjoy in dreams, argues the modern epicurean, *subjectively*, because we believe we enjoy; and truth would not increase a pleasure which is already positive. 'I may not hope,' sings the mystic,

'From outward forms to win  
The passion or the life whose fountains are within.'

Or again, seeking for the pleasure of indolent enjoyment, he exclaims,—

‘Let us live and lie reclined,  
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.’

It was in sterner truth that Cicero taught us, all dreams were but another death, as compared with activity. Our souls are too apt to dream when our hands should be working with their might. Any man who is careless of self-government, and, without troubling himself to exert his judgment, allows his thoughts to flit through his mind without connection, in motley disorder, becomes a day-dreamer. His condition differs very little from that of actual sleep-dreaming.

In ancient times, the speculative thinker, who despised his physical nature, whilst his spirit revelled amongst fancies and ideal theories, required at last to be convinced that these were unrealities. He came to take his dreams for truth, and to be doubtful as to which were the real and which the ideal. Nor is this even now an uncommon case. Physical and mental impressions should never be accepted as conclusive without verification. The judgment requires to be educated by sober examination, and probability should not be confounded with certainty. Thinking can be no passive condition of the mind, but involves serious responsibility. Man alone (as it has been remarked) is endowed with self-consciousness, that he should attain to self-knowledge. By the process of reflection we bring our thoughts and feelings into the light of consciousness, so that by a voluntary act we reproduce them in the mind, and become aware how far we are responsible for their existence. Nature abhors a vacuum, and sooner or later the empty mind becomes a plenum full of mischief and discontent. The mind cannot be left open like a sheet of paper, ready for the reception of every passing impression and every new theory, without incurring serious injury. Mental indolence is not only a negative but a positive evil, and still worse is the opiate of romantic dreaming by which we stupify and numb our faculties, or darken the light of conscience in the soul. ‘Unless,’ as the poet Daniel wrote, ‘above himself he can erect himself, how mean a thing is man!’

It is with pleasure that we draw the attention of our readers to M. Delorme’s intelligent and thoughtful essay on the ‘Men of the Homeric Age.’\* This book scarcely touches upon the sceptical arguments as to the truth of the Homeric records; but admitting the reliability of a large band of historic witnesses, as

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\* *Les Hommes d’Homère. Essai sur les Mœurs de la Grèce aux Temps Héroïques.* Par S. Delorme. Paris: Didier. 1862.



well as the ethical and intellectual consistency of the events which the poem relates, and the internal evidences of Homer's style, it proceeds to investigate the historical information which is to be gathered from the poem at large. M. Delorme has been particularly attracted to the peculiarities in the characters of the several heroes, while he praises the essential unity in the life-painting of each of the actors in the epic. The minuteness and exactitude with which the smallest details are recorded in these ancient chronicles, have furnished him with abundant opportunities for conducting his explorations. With M. Delorme all this has been a labour of love. His interest in human nature has given a life to his study of antiquity. Far from dismissing the ideal heroes of Homer to the land of shadow and unreality, as Mr. Grote might have done, he views them as actual flesh and blood, and values the venerable bard not only as a melodious poet, but as an acute and accurate observer as well as a faithful historian.

Once animated by this sympathy, he follows Homer with enthusiasm through all the vagaries of ancient mythology, and digs with zeal for the basis of truth in the elaborate myths of the Greeks.

And he does well. Plato, indeed, puts words into the mouth of the wisest of the Greeks, by which, in his dialogue with Phædrus, Sokrates excuses himself from entering into the mysteries of mythology, arguing, that since he had not yet fulfilled the command of the Delphic Oracle, and learnt to know himself, it was ridiculous for him to trouble himself about matters which did not concern him. But, as it has been remarked, the argument of the philosopher might have been turned against himself, and it might be shown that the study of mythology forms part of that very problem which Sokrates was so anxious to solve. For 'in order to know *what man is*, we ought to know *what man has been*.' It is not only by perpetually brooding over the wonders of our own existence, or by elaborate and laborious self-analysis (as this venerable mystic supposed), that we are to arrive at the important knowledge we desire, but by looking upon man as a social being and a sympathetic creature, who may be best examined in his relation with others of his kind and in the actions of his daily life.

That man knows nothing as yet of the study of history who has not learnt to examine it on the principle of Niebuhr, looking into his own heart as he reads the stories of the past, and interpreting the ancient chronicles by his own experience. And just as the nature of this earth was never understood till it was considered as one part of a vast planetary system, so the marvels

of human nature could never be fathomed whilst man was falsely regarded as a solitary and self-subsistent being. There is a certain truth in the exaggerated language of Emerson, when, speaking of some story in past times, he exclaims, 'I can dive to it in myself.' And the boy at school, with his ungoverned animal spirits, uniting the energy of manhood with the wild unconsciousness of childhood, possesses the best key in his own nature to the mysteries and vagaries of this turbulent childhood of a fallen primeval world.

It has been remarked that superstitions represent all the different façades of humanity; and it is worthy of notice how strangely the unrevealed religions of the ancients seem to have been influenced by outward agencies—such as climate and landscape scenery. The idolatry of the ancient Greeks bore a close relation to their realization of the physical world around them. The images which they created for senseless worship were the earliest thoughts of their mind grossly expressed in matter, as the word *εἰδωλον*, or 'image of the mind,' would lead us to imagine. Such signs were the natural language of the childhood of an untaught nation, which could only be appealed to through the senses; but in proportion as the thing signified was lost sight of in the symbol, did the worship degenerate into the most degrading form of idolatry, and the first vague glimpses of religious feeling were utterly lost in the rites of a sensuous polytheism.

M. Delorme has devoted a large portion of his book to elaborate attempts to analyse these myths. Considering the immense age of Homer—as older by some generations than Hesiod, and by many centuries than the usual chroniclers of Grecian antiquity, beginning with Æschylus and Herodotus, and ending with Pausanias and Laertius—we may presume that we have in his pages a direct transcript of the earliest mythology of the nation.

There could be no charm to the Hellenic mind in this first stage of its development, where personality was wanting; and hence it is that the love of personification entwines itself with all the ramifications of Greek character. In the whole course of Attic poetry it would be scarcely possible to adduce any two passages in which a plant or a tree is painted with the earnest touches of affection so familiar to the modern reader, independently of any connection with national customs or religious feeling. If the clustering ivy is mentioned, it is as the favourite plant of Dionysius; and the laurel, with its 'thousand berries,' is only noticed in a chorus of Sophokles as the favourite plant of Athene; while Sokrates thinks it necessary to apologise to his

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hearers when he goes out of his way to comment on the beauty of the Ilissus and its surrounding flowers. But these men and their forefathers, with their natural love for beauty, were unable entirely to pass over the exquisite forms of nature, and hence they invested each with 'a supernatural power. The dryads graced the woods, the river-gods haunted the streams, and the hills resounded with the music of Apollo or the voice of Pan. This childish deification of matter amongst the earliest Greeks has excited the enthusiasm of many a modern critic. 'Il faudrait,' exclaims Ernest Renan, 'une âme tout enivrée de poésie pour comprendre le ravissant délire que l'homme de ces races ressentit d'abord en face de la nature et lui-même.' According to this theory, the ancients looked upon all nature as animated and sympathetic, and—just as a child beckons smilingly to its own likeness reflected in a glass, or beats with impotent fury the ground on which it falls—so it is supposed that the first men invested everything with their own attributes, because experience had not yet gifted them with the power of discrimination. The myth, as it has been observed, had no real meaning, except for that antique epoch when ignorant men believed themselves to be in a divine world, and had not yet learnt to distinguish between the outward and the inward. Hence the gods were supposed to inherit the same infirmities and vices as these savage men. In the Homeric records we find these personages sleeping and eating, now animated by a warlike ardour, and now quarrelling in ferocious discord. The political constitution of Olympus resembled that of Greece, and the habits of domestic life were supposed to be the same. Nor did these immortals shrink from the commonest duties. The goddesses laboured at their toilets, and fed their horses with oats from the celestial stables. The immortal condition was far from protecting these singular deities from physical suffering. Uranus is mutilated, Prometheus writhes in agonies, Vulcan is lamed by a fall, and Mercury complains to Calypso of his sufferings from hunger. So little removed were these imaginary beings from ordinary humanity, that many of the men who were extolled in this primitive poetry as types of wisdom and of prudence, had little or no confidence in the power of divinity, and were careful of trusting themselves to the promises of the gods, whilst this constant suspicion seemed to be natural and excusable to the poet, and was no proof of impiety or a want of reverence.

This state of things could not long continue. Such infantine fancies could not suffice for the wants of a nation when it emerged from its first state of savage ignorance. The unreasoning child thinks of no problem, and has need of no solution; but



the man who is waking from the dreams of imagination looks about him for the explanation of what he sees. Thus it was that when, at a later period, the Greek woke from his simplicity, when his mind became distracted by variety, and his gross pantheism had degenerated into the worst evils of polytheism, the refined intellect of large masses of the people was revolted by the absurdities of the national religion. The worship of the beautiful, and the undue desire for pleasure, were then substituted for any search after a final Cause, and with that hollowness of heart and restless craving for change which St. Paul so well understood, the Greeks sought curiously for strange rites, enthroned Isis and Serapis amongst the Olympic gods, and endeavoured to make a monstrous amalgamation of the superstitions of the East and of the West. Thus it happened that before Greece had ceased to be the 'thinking mind and the beating heart' of the universe, and before her humiliating degeneracy had called forth such cries of despair from the passionate-hearted Byron, she had ceased to comprehend the meaning of her own idolatry. To the last of the Greeks, as to the modern school-boy, the fables of Apollo and of Glaucus had ceased to be anything but the vaguest riddles. And why should we seek to discover profound combinations in these fantastic creations? As well may we search for the positive and serious in the dreams of an infant.

The remaining chapters in M. Delorme's carefully-written little work treat of the various heroic types of Homeric character, of the peculiarities in the domestic life of these heroes, of their moral sentiment and appreciation of the beautiful, of their impulsive ardour and revengeful passion, and of their friendship and love of hospitality. Much research and careful discrimination have been expended on these subjects, which may prove as interesting to the general student as to the learned critic, in days when numerous translations of Homer have rendered the pages of the ancient poet perfectly accessible in every variety of form and style, even to the most indifferent reader.

The mournful history of Heinrich Heine is recalled to our mind by the publication of two volumes of the poet's letters.\* The character and career of this celebrated German bard, in many respects, a close analogy to the history of Alfred de Musset—his talented French contemporary. Heine was eleven years the senior of the two, being born at Dusseldorf, in 1799; whilst De Musset commenced his short but tumultuous existence in the year 1810. The same influences operated upon the youthful

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\* *Nachträge zu Heinrich Heine's Werken. Briefe. 2 bde.*

characters of both men; for although Heine was educated at Bonn and Berlin, his prejudices were all in favour of the Romantic school of modern France.

Literature at this period in France was undergoing that revolution which may be best described as a reaction from the formal routine and dry classicality of past times. French genius in the days of Boileau or Molière had been much more favourable to stern discipline than to easy and natural liberty. French poets, under the rule of the empire, knew better than to indulge in the crime of originality. Like Montaigne, they were to be the intelligent echoes of royalty, and were to be careful to maintain that cold equilibrium of all the faculties which was fatal to the development of enthusiasm and sensibility. In the place of imagination and freedom of utterance, the Frenchman, under the old system, valued a conventional uniformity of style and a monotonous connection of words and phrases. Clearness was to be gained at the expense of mystical meaning, and metaphors were to be discarded as useless. The ancients were to be rigorously imitated; and energy and determination were needed to give forcible effect to study. Parnassus was to be scaled with weary feet, and by repeated efforts. 'Malheur,' said Molière, 'à qui se contente trop facilement. C'est une marque de médiocrité d'esprit.'

This unnatural pedantry and forced classicality could not long continue. Calvin banished it from theology, and Descartes did away with it in philosophy, whilst the Revolution abolished it in rhyme. The decline of poetry and the fine arts under the rule of the first Napoleon was sufficient to vindicate the school of the Romanticists in its vehement dislike to the materialism of the imperial system. Bitterly did Lamartine lament over the gross infidelity of the age, and sadly did he deplore the triumph of those mathematicians who endeavoured to eliminate from the minds of the young every moral and religious aspiration.

But poetry was not to be so destroyed. Like the fable of the phoenix, the art was to die outright, and to be reduced to ashes, that it might rise again revived with a strange and impetuous youth. Midway in the breach, between the old classicality and the new innovations, stood Chateaubriand, St. Beuve, and Lamartine, who endeavoured to retain the equable and harmonious rhythms of past times. Beranger, André Chenier, and Victor Hugo were more daring in their style and versification; but no one was so startling in his scorn of the old rules and the fancied 'unities,' as the brilliant and versatile Alfred de Musset. More than thirty years ago, when only a youth in his teens, he astonished and alarmed his contemporaries by the publication of

his first volume of poetry,\* in which he recorded, in wild and daring language, the storms of a sceptical and ill-governed youth, and the misery and self-accusation of precocious manhood. The liberty of these poems had degenerated into the wildest licence; and the recoil from the tameness and monotony of past times was to be seen in false sentimentality and unregulated extravagance. Like the style of his friend George Sand (the unhappy Madame Dudevant, whose novels must be avoided for their distempered imagination and injurious tendency), the writings of De Musset were characterized by a richness of colouring, a splendour of imagery, and an utter disregard of much that was noble and good. The youthful poet had already exhausted the pleasures of existence. He had studied as a physician, and wearied of philosophical speculations; he had laboured as a banker, and sickened of the money market; he had prepared for the duties of an advocate, and had turned with disgust from the study of the law; and he had entered the profession of an artist, and, after painting a few pictures, had thrown aside his brushes in a fit of aversion and fatigue.

A few years passed, and again the poet published, after a more bitter experience of reality. His poems were now written with a fearful intensity. His style was ironical, melancholy, and tender, occasionally breaking into vivid flashes of fire, or into expressions of despair so deep as to terrify his more indifferent countrymen. His 'Confessions of a Child of the Age,'† and his 'New Poems,'‡ completed his celebrity. The popularity of De Musset was a literary phenomenon in France; for whilst he trampled under his feet the established rules of art, and outraged the principles of the orthodox members of the Academy—whilst he was scouted by the multitude, and scorned by his fellow-poets—he was gradually accepted by a few judges, and his fame grew in consequence of the appreciation of the minority.

But the celebrity of the unfortunate poet did not add more to his own happiness than to the benefit of his readers. In the latter years of his life he manifested a precocious disdain for all the attractions of earth, and the sombre misanthropy which he affected soon began to cast a dark shade over the brightest efforts of his genius. Like Edgar Poe in similar circumstances, he attempted in vain to drive away thought by drinking, and to find excitement in gambling; but the misery and darkness only seemed to increase around him. In the year 1850, a last volume

\* *Premières Poésies.* 1829—1835. Alfred de Musset.

† *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle.*

‡ *Poésies Nouvelles.* 1836—1852.



of his poems appeared which betrayed the premature decay of his weakened powers. After this he dragged out a few more years in feebleness and suffering, both of body and mind, and sank, in 1857, of premature old age and a worn-out constitution, having reached the seventh age of man before he had attained his fiftieth year. The tragedy of such a life can need no comment from the pen of the biographer. The weariness and indifference to existence (worthy of a Mephistopheles) which haunted the unfortunate genius, forms the best commentary on the history of his wasted talents. Nor can we agree with the critic of the 'Cambridge Essays,' that men of this impulsive and passionate stamp should be judged with tenderness and reverence, and by a different criterion from the standard of ordinary men. There can be no spectacle more awful and more humiliating than that of a soul in ruins, like a temple which was once fair and noble, but now lies 'overthrown, matted with ivy, weeds, and tangled briars, amongst which things noisome crawl and live.' And in proportion to the promise of nobility and intellectual power, seems to be the greatness of the fall. Alfred de Musset, Edgar Poe, Heinrich Von Kleist, and Heinrich Heine, seem, like our Lord Byron, to have been some of the most unhappy men who ever existed, notwithstanding their promise of brilliant intellect and the literary fame which caused them to be the objects of envy to others. Of such men Pollok might have remarked as he did of poor Byron :—

'All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane,  
All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity,  
All that was hateful, and all that was most dear,  
All that was hoped, and all that was feared by man,—  
They tossed about as tempest-withered things,  
Then smiling looked upon the wreck they made.'

In the history of the American (Poe), this derangement was something so extraordinary, that there have been those who have attempted to account for the phenomenon by a theory of the possibility of diabolical possession still existing in modern times. But we need not go far for a simple explanation which is to be found in the mental history of such characters. Their abnormal genius, their freakish and mysterious fancies (as it has been remarked), have been often as much the result of distemper or of morbid disease as of real ability. In the case of Heinrich Heine there was a vein of bitter sarcasm and of ironical pleasantry mingling with his contempt for the earnestness of others and his disregard for religious institutions. The history of his early youth is still to a measure unknown. In a short sketch of his life which the poet gives in a letter to St. René Taillandier (a French writer of some

importance, he describes himself as of Jewish origin, and as abjuring the ancient religion of his fathers, not from any conviction of the truth of Protestantism, but from a dislike to the obloquy which was attached to his nation. His first work of any importance was entitled 'Sketches of Travel,'\* and was distinguished by the political boldness with which he harangued the rulers of Germany and of Europe.

His 'Book of Songs,'† containing the celebrated ballads of 'King Olaf,' the 'Drummer Major,' and the 'Two Grenadiers,' established his success and crowned him as the head of the rising school called 'Young Germany.' This school was not only distinguished by its admiration for the contemporary literature of France, but by its imitation of the spirit of the middle ages. Another of its leaders was Theodore Mundt (whose wife, under the *nom de plume* of 'Louise Mühlbach,' we have already mentioned as a popular writer). M. Mundt had early established a reputation as a philologist and philosopher at the University of Berlin; but in 1835, when M. W. Mengel denounced the favourite school, of which Mundt and Heine were the recognised leaders, as a style of literature 'perverted by French irreligion, and devoted to the destruction of every social and holy institution,' the philosopher thought it wise to travel for several years to protect himself from persecution. Wolfgang Menzel (who must not be confounded with his contemporary Charles Adolphus Menzel, a celebrated archæologist and historian) likewise pursued Heine with his invectives, and procured for himself the jocular appellation of 'Menzel le mangeur des Français.' While this state of things continued, Heine also took refuge in France, and having, in consequence of his scornful raillery, rendered his native country too hot to hold him, he continued to reside in expatriation till the period of his death.

Like Alfred de Musset he was not long-lived, being overtaken by a tedious paralysis while yet in the prime of life, and dying at the age of fifty-six. He maintains his tone of scornful banter to the last, and the reader turns with pain from expressions like the following, which disfigure the pages of his correspondence: 'I am as sick as a dog, and fight against death like a cat—cats, you know, have nine lives.' At another time he paraphrases the language of Hegel, and turns it into the grossest blasphemy, telling us that he is 'God-inspired,' or himself a living divinity, and therefore 'a law unto himself.' We cannot select other extracts of this nature, but will conclude this notice of

\* *Reisebilder*. Hambourg, 1820—1827. 4 vols.

† *Buch der Lieder*. Hambourg, 1827.

Heine by supplying our readers with a few of the titles of his works written in the later years of his life:—a volume on 'The State of France' appeared in 1833; another, entitled 'The Romantic School,' appeared in 1836; and these were followed by a critical notice of the 'Women of Shakspeare,' which was published in 1839;\* others, such as his edition of 'New Poems'† in 1844; and of 'Doctor Faust'‡ in 1851, only furnish more melancholy proofs of the abuse of a great genius.

We cannot be too thankful to those noble poets who, as Wordsworth tells us,

'On earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.'

Imagination is a grand thing when it becomes a light to glorify the common tasks and useful duties of life, and, as Goethe advises, we cannot do better than devote some portion of every-day life to meditating on a beautiful poem, or a noble work of art, that our own minds may be ennobled by the contemplation, and lest the rough usages and crooked ways of this world should harden our finer sensibilities.

But far different is it in a case where these powers are perverted, and where the rich and rare gifts of mind and heart, which 'sympathize with, and can reproduce all that is found in man,' are turned to the worst purposes.

'Can such poets make an Eden  
No winter will undo?  
Drown in music this earth's din,  
And keep their own wild souls within  
The laws of their own harmony?'

Amongst the later works of M. Wolfgang Menzel we may mention, 'A Voyage in Italy,' 1835; 'Pictures of Modern History,' 1833; 'Mythological Researches,' 1842; 'Songs of the People,' 1851; and a 'History of Europe,' 1853.‡ The writings of M. Theodore Mundt are too voluminous and elaborate to be enumerated here. In 1844 he brought out a 'History of the Progress of Society;' in 1845, a treatise on 'Æsthetics'; and following these came 'A History of Literature' in 1846, and an

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\* *Französische Zustände*: 1833. *Die Romantische Schule*: 1836. *Shakspeare's Mädchen und Frauen*: 1839.

† *Neue Gedichte*: 1844. ‡ *Faust*: 1851.

‡ *Reise nach Italien*: 1835. *Taschenbuch der Neuesten Geschichte*: 1833. 5 bde. *Mythologische Forschungen*: 1842. *Die Gesänge der Völker*: 1851. *Geschichte Europas*: 1853.



inquiry into the 'Mythology of the Ancients' in 1854.\* M. Mundt has also edited the 'Political Writings of Luther,† and the posthumous correspondence of Knebel.

The fifth and sixth volumes of the 'Diary of Varnhagen von Ense'‡ have been seized and confiscated by the Prussian Government; this severe proceeding being in a measure justified by the scornful and bitter criticisms on persons in high places, as well as the injurious scandal with which these pages are disfigured. Varnhagen von Ense was born in 1785 at Dusseldorf, and in his youth devoted himself to the study of medicine and the natural sciences, till his vocation was otherwise decided by the influence of Fichte, and the brothers Schlegel. In 1809 he entered the Austrian army, where he rose to the rank of officer, and followed Prince Berthier into Paris in 1810. In 1813 he took arms in the ranks of the Russian army; commencing his diplomatic career subsequently, at the conclusion of the peace, when he accompanied Hardenberg to the Congress of Vienna. In 1819 he determined to reside at Berlin, occupying from that time an important and trustworthy position under the Prussian Government. M. V. von Ense has long been known to the public for his philosophical and critical, though somewhat laboured style of writing, and as the friend of Alexander von Humboldt. But few of his former elaborate disquisitions have been received with half the interest and excitement which have been aroused by the publication of his posthumous diary. The present volumes comprise the period of a year and a half, extending from May, 1848, to December, 1849, and abound with exciting anecdotes and illustrations, which are occasionally too piquant to be agreeable.

Madame Rachel Antoinette, the wife of Varnhagen, was also celebrated for her literary talent, and for her influence over the actions and opinions of her husband, who published her works, and did his utmost to immortalize her memory. §

Amongst the previous works of M. V. von Ense we may mention his 'Biographical Sketches,' containing memoirs and personal recollections of Fleury, Condorcet, Schleiermacher, Schlegel, the Duchess of Orleans, and others, and his 'Historical and Literary Studies,' which appeared in 1833. ||

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\* *Geschichte der Gesellschaft, &c.*: Berlin: 1844. *Æsthetik*: 1845. *Allgemeine Literatur Geschichte*: 1846: 3 vols. *Götterwelt der ersten Völker*: 1854.

† *Luther's Politische Schriften*: Berlin: 1844.

‡ *Varnhagen von Ense's Tagebücher aus seinem Nachlass*. 6 Bde.

§ *Rachel: ein Buch des Andenkens für*: 1833. *Galerie von Bildnissen aus Rachel's Umgang*: Leipsick: 1836.

|| *Biographische Denkmale*: 1845, 1846. *Zur Geschichtschreibung und Literatur*: Hambourg: 1833.

## SHORT NOTICES.

WE have before us a number of books, each in its own way very excellent, but each partaking far more of the sermon element than can at all conduce to pleasant, or even to very profitable reading. When will writers learn that the eminently successful discourse is for that very reason not at all likely to be an eminently readable book? Foremost among those forwarded to us is *The Truth in Love*. By James Frame. (Ward & Co.) Very affectionate and very thoughtful. Next we have *Patriarchal Shadows of Christ and his Church, as Exhibited in Passages drawn from the History of Joseph and his Brethren*. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. (Shaw & Co.) This is, as the reader will expect, very old wine in a new bottle; very old wine, and very innocent. It may and will do good to some poor invalid souls. It can do no harm; and this is more than can be said of many far better books. *Our Companions in Glory; or Society in Heaven Contemplated, by the Rev. J. M. Killen, M.A.* (Edinburgh, Andrew Elliott), is a most beautifully printed book, of a higher aim and character. We have read many of the suggestions, reflections, and especially the papers on the Cherubim, with great interest. We cannot here discuss with the author that from which we dissent, but he has without any doubt produced, of its order, a very interesting, and his publishers a very elegant volume. *Christian Faith and Practice, by James W. Alexander, D.D., New York* (Edinburgh, Andrew Elliot), is the title of a volume of sermons—apt, searching, and suggestive. Dr. Alexander's writings of the same order as this volume are well known, and will insure for it an affectionate and hearty reception from thoughtful readers who need this kind of fuel. We do not admire the title '*To Be or Not to Be; or, Man's Present and Future Condition Considered*.' By the Author of *The Triple Judgment*. (William Freeman.) There is nothing new in the author's argument for a future life; but his arrangement of his argument is striking and effective, and upon an order of mind better conceived than described, we can conceive this book to have a very useful influence. The writer has grouped the arguments for our immortality from reason and Scripture with instructive skilfulness. *Winnowed Grain; or, Selections from the Addresses of the Rev. J. Denham Smith*. (S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.) Yes! amidst many things we should discuss before receiving, and some from the expression of which we should dissent, there is much that will make this a valuable help to the anxious inquirer after salvation. It might be yet more winnowed, but it surely must be useful.

**BROTHER HELP:** *The Heroism of Humanity, and Benevolence in Every Age.* (Darton & Hodge, Holborn Hill.) This is a volume upon a fruitful theme, a comprehensive selection of illustrative anecdotes and instances, designed to illustrate the text, the title of the volume. Most of the sketches are indeed known to everybody, but they are of an order which it is good to have recited to us again and again. Also we of course think of many which ought to be included; but the lives are texts themselves, from whence a teacher will amplify and dilate with advantage in his class or his family. And this we suppose to be greatly the purpose of the volume. It is pleasantly and even inspiringly written.

**W**E have received a very handsome library edition of *The Bible and Modern Thought.* By the Rev. J. R. Birks, M.A., Rector of Kellshall, Herts. *New Edition, with an Appendix.* (The Religious Tract Society.) This is a very valuable book, and the excellent and accomplished author has added to the value of the volume by competent notes upon Mansell, upon Geology, upon Egyptology, and other matters of interest belonging to the subject. The small edition is a very interesting text-book, so far as it goes. The demand of our age, and of the modern sceptic, is eminently for the subjective or internal evidence, ever the most powerful too. This the present volume does not deal with much. But if a class of young men connected with a Christian association would meet together, and read, and discuss, and correspond together upon this book, we believe the benefit to the minds placed beneath such a healthful course of thought would be considerable.

**A**T this moment we are especially desirous of calling attention to *The Introduction to the Pentateuch: an Inquiry, Critical and Doctrinal, into the Genuineness, Authority, and Design of the Mosaic Writings.* By the Rev. Donald Macdonald, M.A. *Two Volumes.* (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) This is a very admirable digest upon the whole question of the Pentateuch. The reader will find most questions connected with the Pentateuch competently discussed. Mr. Macdonald is well acquainted with the literature of the books. It is indeed an introduction. The reader will be guided to other sources of information, and every theory is fairly and fully stated. The volumes deserve a far more discursive and excursive review than we can now devote to them. But those who may be intending to follow Dr. Colenso's wild and flippant analyses, will do well to procure this work. It displays considerable reading and thought, and will save the reader, by the carefulness of its digests, the need of procuring and reading many other books.



**W**E are very glad to receive a reprint in this country of *Notes on the Gospels, Critical and Explanatory. By Melancthon W. Jacobus, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Western Theological Seminary, Alleghany City, Pennsylvania; Matthew. Reprinted from the Thirty-third American Edition.* (Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co.) This is one of those volumes, too few in number, which may be with safety and confidence commended to Sabbath-school teachers and village ministers. We have at present no such portable volume upon Matthew. Its information and instruction are clear and lucid; at the same time it is manly and strong. Books like this are still much needed. We hope to receive at any rate the whole of the New Testament from the same able hands.

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